

Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

MAY 1991

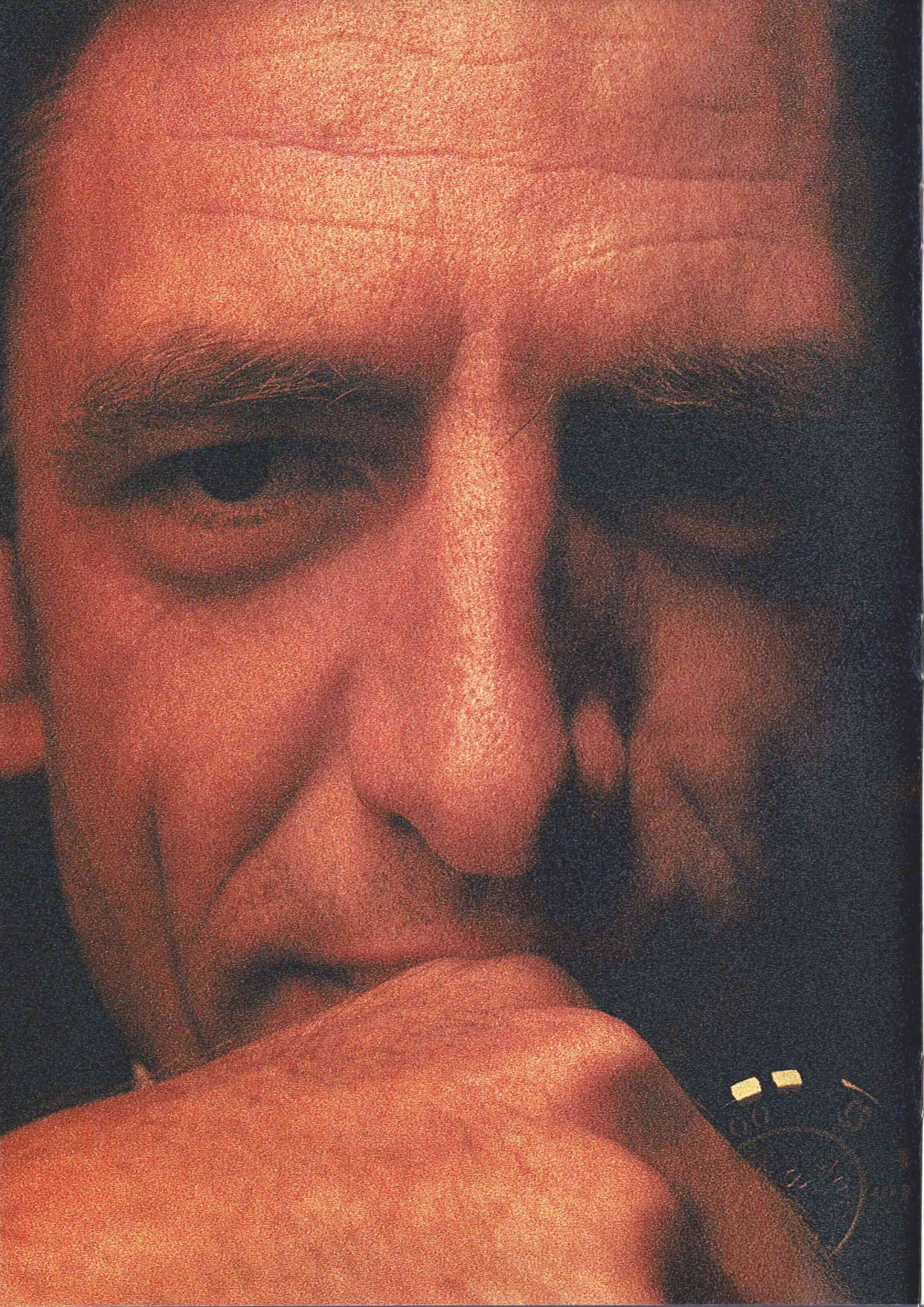
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EXCLUSIVE!

**WHY JIM MORRISON'S DRUG
DEATH WAS COVERED UP**

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y



Gambling is not a matter of life & death.

Gamblers are a curiosity.

The outside world looks on with astonishment at the stakes we sometimes play for, but this guy even blew my wildest plays out of the tub.

I had just arrived in Adelaide. Picked up by a limo after a very pleasant flight. The Adelaide Casino is extremely civilised when it comes to looking after its members.

I'm a member of the International Room, a club for professionals. I work in the produce markets, but I still earn from gambling.

I've been to all the casinos, but I reckon that Adelaide gives you a welcome like no other.

In fact, it was over a glass of scotch that I met him.

He said, "I'm in cutting-edge technology" and gave me a blank card with the name of a cutlery company on it.

Well if he could be that creative about knives, I thought, I'll play along, so I replied, "I watch the markets."

He seemed impressed, or was he preoccupied?

I'd just been coasting along at the blackjack table, minimum bets, when I noticed he, minus any of his initial cool, began betting maximums and sitting

very low. His last three hands had been K,4. 2,8,8. and 10,7. The house had bust each time. Everyone else at the table went the same way.

Was this a run? I watched.

"Slowly does it," I thought, though the temptation to jump in big gnawed at me. He did it again. Sat on 9,7 and the dealer busted. The floorman even started to take notice.

"It's a lot more important than that."

Five more times he did it. With only one turnabout where, for some inexplicable reason, he bet the minimum.

Was this guy psychic?

He certainly didn't look that cool and collected. Tiny beads of sweat were forming on his neck, then snowballing down the furrows to a watery grave on his shirt collar.

I whispered to him, "Big game for you, is it?"

He said "I dropped two hundred g's last week, tonight I'm putting my kid back in private school."

Nothing unusual about that, I

thought. We've all risked some pretty high stakes sometimes.

Though you wouldn't know in some of Australia's casinos.

That's one thing they seem to respect in Adelaide.

You put your money on the line and they do the same with special privileges.

Why not?

Money's only a means of keeping score, anyway.

Suddenly, without any warning the

"Knifeman" turned up blackjack. He picked up his chips, stuffed them into his coat

pockets and stood up.

"At least your wife won't kill you now," I mused.

"It's a lot more important than that," he replied. "If I hadn't won tonight, I would have seriously doubted myself."

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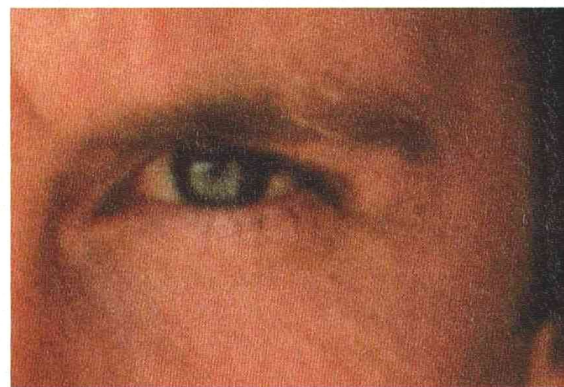
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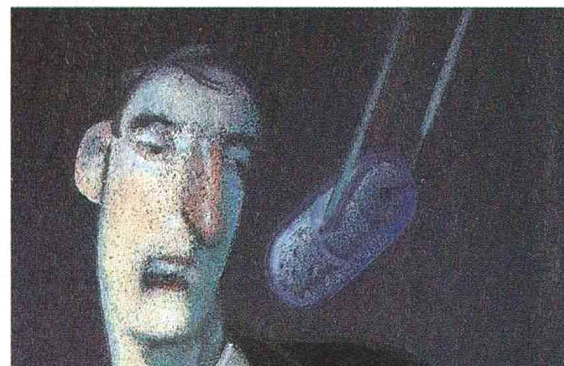
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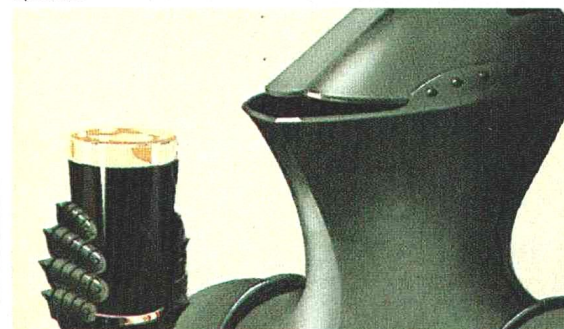
The End



The Frog Prince



Lip Service



The A-Z Of Amber Fluid



C.J. MACKAY



NIGEL BUCHANAN



BRETT STEVENS



DEAN BUTLER



GLENN A. BAKER

HOUSECALL

THE END

Jim Morrison, for 20 years a dead rock star, is being resurrected. But with his albums selling better than ever, and his myth about to be enshrined in a major film, we've yet to hear a convincing account of how he died — until now. **Albert Goldman**, author of amazingly revealing posthumous biographies of Elvis Presley and John Lennon, completes a trilogy of sorts with this in-depth investigation of a cover-up involving heroin, a welter of lies and another tragic celebrity who today claims she never met Jim Morrison — Marianne Faithfull. Turn to page 34.

THE FROG PRINCE

Gerard Depardieu, Europe's top box office star and internationally the cinema's favorite Frenchman, is a wild man on and off the screen. Much of Depardieu's life has been tinged by the erratic behavior and grisly violence of his films, and acting, he says, "saved me — otherwise I would have become a killer." **John Baxter** profiles a complex and intriguing character, an emerging cinematic legend, on page 48.

LIP SERVICE

The recent Milli Vanilli "scandal", in which a couple of incredibly vain musical non-entities were exposed as "charlatans" for not singing on any of their records, caused enraged album buyers to demand their money back. But if the criterion of musical integrity were applied to all albums and live performances, we'd have to put up with some pretty awful noises because Milli Vanilli were only the pitiful scapegoats for a legion of fabricated pop stars, some of whom couldn't sing a note or play a chord to save their lives. **Glenn A. Baker** documents the most outrageous artifices used by the pop factory on page 66. **Nigel Buchanan** contributed the illustration.

THE A-Z OF AMBER FLUID

If there's anything worse than a wine wanker, it's a beer bore. That is, someone who feels compelled, after downing a few, to pontificate about the chilled article while knowing bugger all about the subject. But you'll find it's piss easy to become an overnight connoisseur by perusing **Willie Simpson's** A-Z (inclusive) guide — a veritable alphabet of hooligan soup. Crack a tinnie and turn to page 80.

SPORTS FOR THE MAN

We at *Penthouse* might have our reservations about the killing of wild animals — but let's face it, there's nothing like getting right out in the wilderness once in a while and pitting yourself against critters that know how to bite back. Hunting the black bear of Oregon is one way to do it — and possibly the most dangerous legal way there is. **Brett Stevens** captures the excitement, and the savagery, in words and pictures on page 18. And in the wild rivers of Papua New Guinea, anything that survives and thrives is bound to be mean — especially the giant black and spot tail bass, fish so tough, wily and brutal they offer about the most intense sportsfishing in the world. **C.J. Mackay** penetrated the heart of darkness to bring back this fisherman's yarn starting on page 16, accompanied by photos from **Dean Butler**.

MAY



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feedback

War

As a regular reader of *Australian Penthouse*, I would like to express my revulsion at your choice of Time Life advertising pamphlets for the February issue. Its glorification of war and war machinery was poorly timed, crass and cruel at a time when perhaps millions of people, including innocent children, women and men are about to be obliterated and mangled in the Middle East.

War is ghastly — it should never be glorified. I trust your good taste will ensure that such crass advertising does not happen again. — *John Robin, Meander, Tas*

Black out

Thanks again for the calendar in the January issue — it will be handy for lighting my next BBQ. What dickhead decided to print a calendar with a black background? Now no-one can use the bloody thing for remembering dates such as birthdays, anniversaries, etc, or marking up reminder notes such as paying the rent, phone bill, credit card or the local loan shark, making it about as useful as a deckhand on a submarine. Nice lady ... shame about the fuck-up. — *Roger, Middlemount, Qld*

Fishy business

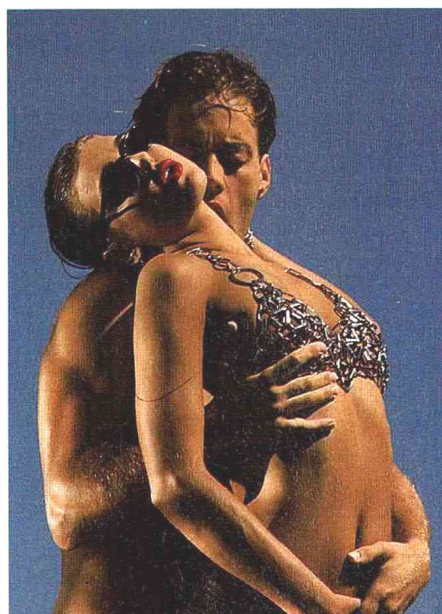
Your February article by Al Goldstein on the big game fishing available in Thailand, specifically Phuket, was excellent. It gives hope to the followers of this sport of another venue which will take some pressure off the established fishing areas and so in the long term improve the catches.

However, it is also a vital opportunity to start the right way initially at Phuket and tag the fish rather than kill them for trophies. Man is supposed to learn from his mistakes but Mr Goldstein seems bent on continuing the barbaric practice of trophy taking. Let's hope more responsible fishermen will tag in future and not give the impression of barbarians that those in the East already believe we are.

Phuket is losing its native beauty but let's hope it doesn't lose its game fish as well. — *M.A. Creasey, Cairns, Qld*

Poor taste

I usually enjoy *Penthouse* cover to cover as a self-confessed connoisseur of the female form. In this context I write to strongly object to the cartoon on page 10, January



1991 issue, which I and others find offensive in so much as it uses women in the trivialisation of violence.

There's no need to use poor taste to get a laugh (which I didn't). Please don't let this sort of "humor" find its way into future editions. — *G. Scott, Endeavour Hills, Vic*

Skin fans

Just a quick note to congratulate artist Frants Kantor on his monthly Gallery caricatures. They're great, and a nice added feature in your mag. I have now started seeing Kantor's illustrations in *The Sydney Morning Herald* and other publications, but his best work seems to be the nude stuff he does for you. I used to be a fan of Pickering's calendar but if Kantor did a celebrity calendar, I reckon it would street Pickering's stuff. — *A. Broderick, Villawood, NSW*

Frants Kantor is a very talented and versatile artist who has been contributing to Australian Penthouse for many years. His new Celebrity Skin series began last month. In this issue he's had his way with the Duchess Of York. Check out her freckle on page 33. — Ed

California dreaming

All those sleek, tanned women in the March issue of *Australian Penthouse*. I wish they all could be Californian? Seems like this time, they were. Well, I don't mind,

but I'd like to see a few more Aussies in there somewhere. Although I must say, the pictorial of Rocco and Amy (Black Label edition) was one of the hottest, sexiest, best photographed, slow-burn shoots I've seen yet. Makes the Black Label bit well worth it, so keep it coming. — *Name and address withheld*

No Speed Limit

Linda Carter's article on the speed epidemic (February *Penthouse*) was a long time coming. I spent the heyday of my youth in the Sixties and early Seventies, when marijuana was plentiful. People (including myself) got high at parties and killed off the odd extra brain cell, but by and large not too much harm was done. But this amphetamine business is another thing altogether. On the rare occasions when I get around to parties these days, I am horrified to see people guarding their precious little joints as if they were solid gold, while the deadly white powder is being sprayed around like confetti. Okay, I'm no angel and I never was when it comes to recreational use of drugs, but as a father I'm at a loss to know how to stop my own kids, who are now in their early teens, from dabbling in something that could kill them. They're high-spirited children and I'm realistic enough to know that curiosity will eventually get the better of them. All I can do is try to educate them, but the social acceptability of speed is working against me.

Who do I blame? As your article pointed out, it's all a matter of economics. The "war against drugs", combined with the influence of organised crime, has pushed the price of a relatively harmless substance, grass, beyond the reach of today's young people. Did anyone in authority ever imagine that this was a solution? The simple fact is that a percentage of the population will experiment with illegal drugs, whether we like it or not. That doesn't, in my view, make those people bad or immoral; it's just human nature, it's the way it is. By engineering a situation where the most available and convenient illicit drug is amphetamine, not marijuana, our governments have done the gravest disservice to the children of the future. They will have blood on their hands, even though they'll never admit it. — *Name and address withheld* ☪



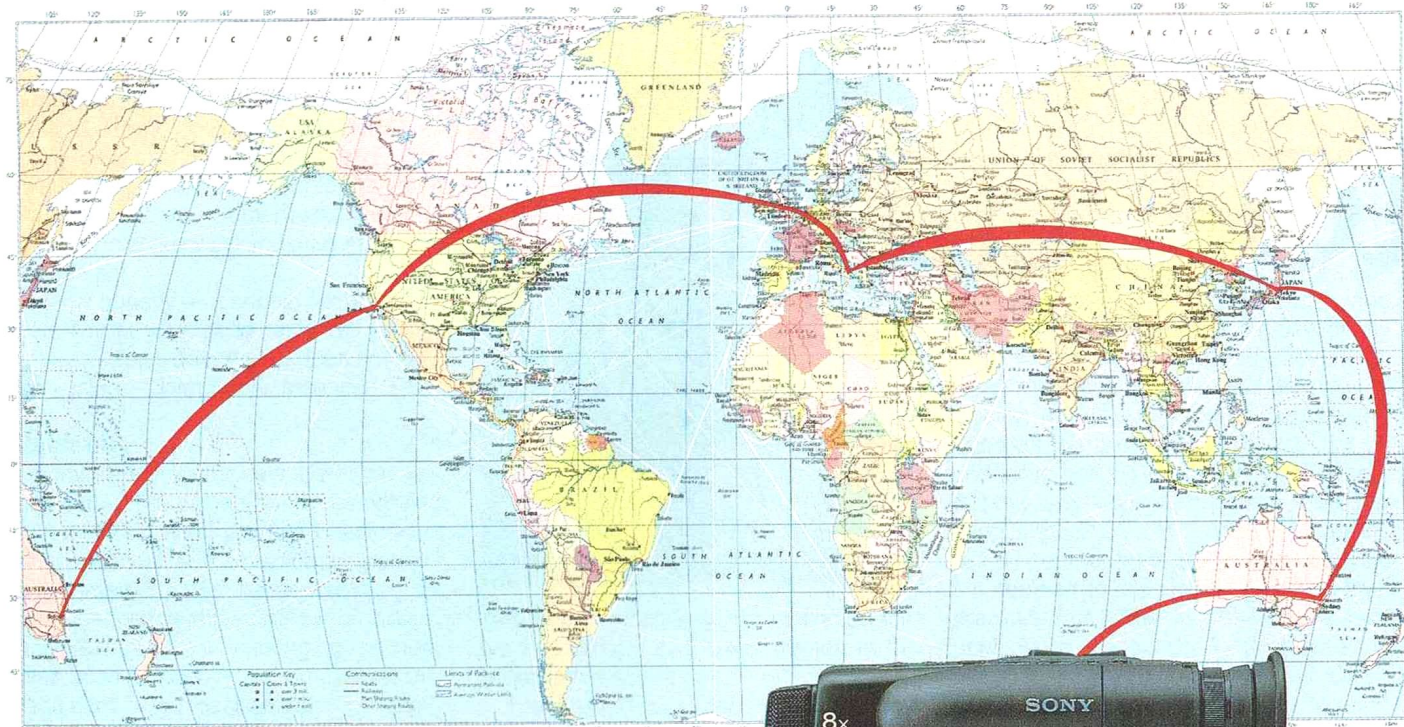
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The Sony Video 8 system has become the preferred choice of consumers around the world. Long recognised as the innovator in video/audio technology, Sony offers consumers the largest range of Video 8 Camcorders and accessories to suit any situation. The TR75 Handycam Traveller (pictured) for example offers Hi-Fi stereo recording and playback, 8x power zoom, 1/4000th of a second variable speed digital shutter, 3 hr recording and the unique quick start feature designed in Australia which reduces the recording time lag to an almost instantaneous 0.2 seconds.

Handycam

SONY
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The first two Forum letters are the final runners-up in our Forum competition. The authors both of whom preferred to remain anonymous, win a free Black Label subscription.

Random breath tests

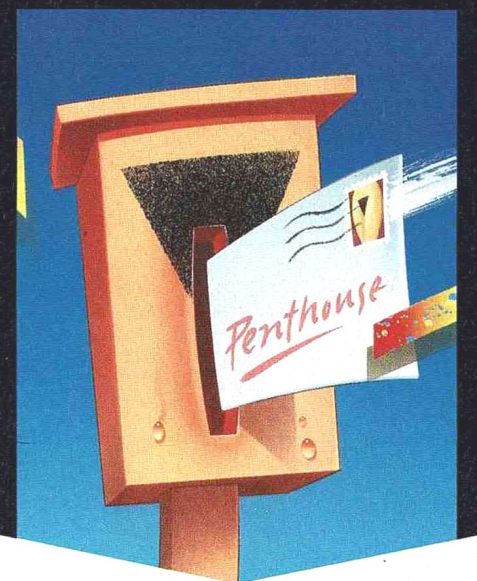
Being a police officer you can get into all kinds of sticky situations and this particular night was no exception. It was to change my outlook on sex completely and it all came about as a result of a breath test.

I was 19 years old and had just graduated from the Police Academy. I was sent to a busy police station in the outer suburbs. This particular night I was on night shift. My partner was much more senior to me, both in rank and age. It was about 3am in the morning and the shift was drawing out; putting it simply, we had fuck all to do. Just when my partner and I decided to take a coffee break, we spotted a car on the road up ahead which was weaving all over the place. Being vindictive bastards, we decided to do an RBT.

After I had stopped the vehicle, I walked up to the driver's side and shone my torch into the interior. Inside the car were two of the most stunning examples of the female species. The driver (whom I'll call Sue) was about 20 years old, blonde, with nice firm tits and the most gorgeous pair of legs, which were slightly apart I may add, allowing me a bird's eye view of her white undies, which were wet with perspiration. The passenger (whom I'll call Mandy) was the opposite, a stunning redhead with large breasts, about 18 years old, with a more muscle-toned body.

I asked Sue if she had had anything to drink containing alcohol that night. She said that she and Mandy had been to an all-male strip show and that they were pretty pissed and were on the prowl for some hot guys to fuck.

On hearing that, my mouth fell open and I couldn't say a word. I turned to my partner for advice. He just stood there with a dopey grin on his face. All of a sudden he walked over to the side of the car and said: "Would you blow into this, please, miss." I looked down and in his hand was his rock-hard cock. Sue looked at it for a few sec-



forum

onds, then smiled and engulfed his prick with her mouth and began to suck his brains out.

This sight got me so worked up that I had a fat and came in my pants at the same time. I'm fucked if I'd read this procedure in any textbook! Then I realised that if any cunt saw us, we could kiss our jobs good-bye. Luckily there was no-one around at this time of the night. My partner pulled his cock out about an inch and fired hot jisms of man-fat into Sue's mouth, which she promptly swallowed.

My partner turned to me and said that we should escort these two ladies to their house as they had been drinking and it was our duty to see them home safely. But I knew he had other intentions. We followed the ladies to a block of flats and parked our vehicle in the underground car park. We then all went to their apartment on the first floor. My partner grabbed Sue and took her into her bedroom. I sat down on the couch and Mandy knelt between my legs. She looked at me and asked whether or not I was going to give her an RBT. I smiled and pulled out my fanny fucker and said, "Blow long, hard and continuously into the mouthpiece." Mandy opened her mouth and took in my cock, working her tongue up and down my shaft. Then she began to suck hard, so hard I thought she would peel the skin off my old fella. It felt so good I dropped my head

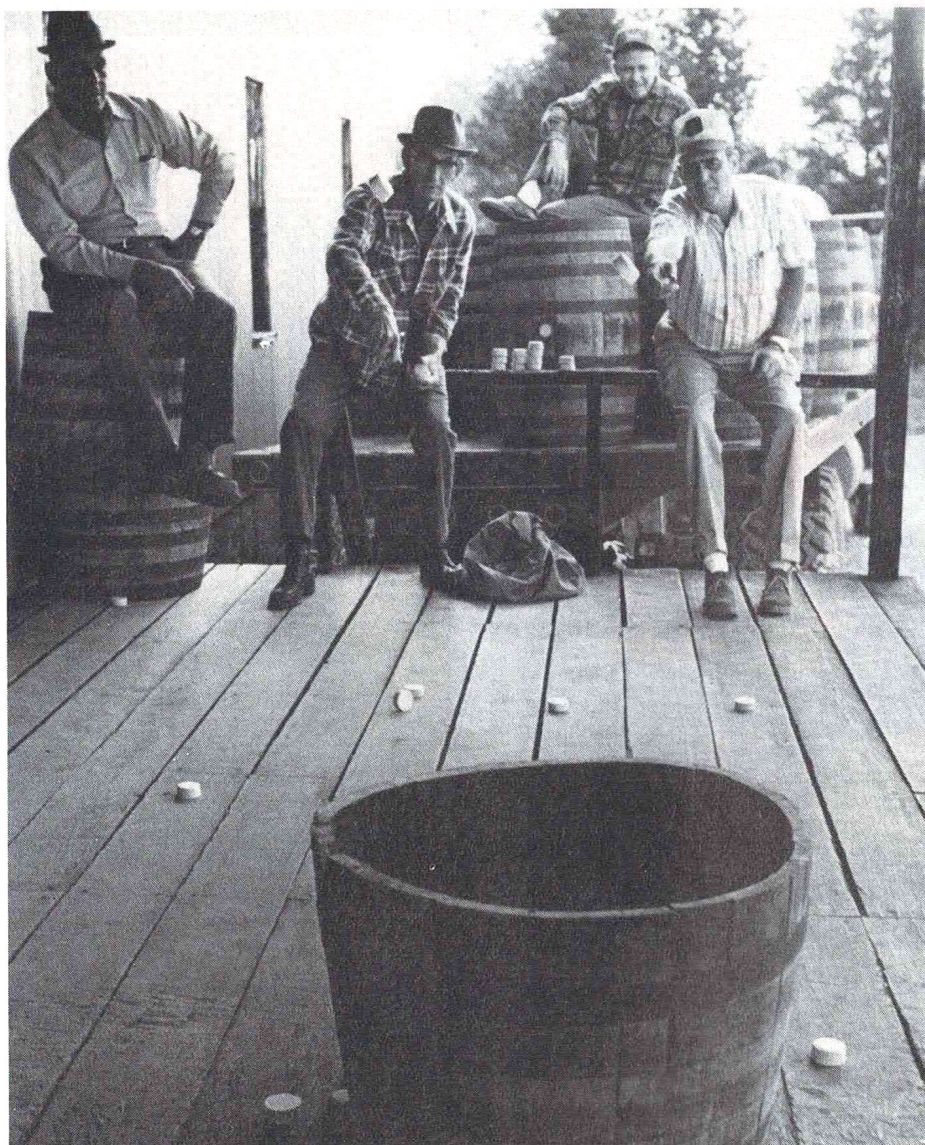
back and lay there with my mouth open.

Next thing I knew I had a moist pussy parked on my face. Sue had come out to have a piss and had seen my face so conveniently there. Her pussy was wet and I could taste her salty beads of piss trapped within her bush. Sue was obviously enjoying it and started to buck on my face. Not only that, but Mandy was still sucking my cock and I was still on duty. Suddenly my balls tightened and I blew my spunk into Mandy's mouth. I was that turned on, though, that my cock remained rock solid — don't ask me how.

Sue stood up and walked back into the bedroom. Mandy stood up and I could see "fuck me hard" in her eyes. She pulled her clothes off and lay down on the floor. I grabbed her legs and pulled them up and apart and just plunged my cock into her cunt, thrusting hard and fast. I could hear my balls slapping on her bare arse and she was breathing in short, sharp bursts. I took a tit into my mouth and began sucking like there was no tomorrow.

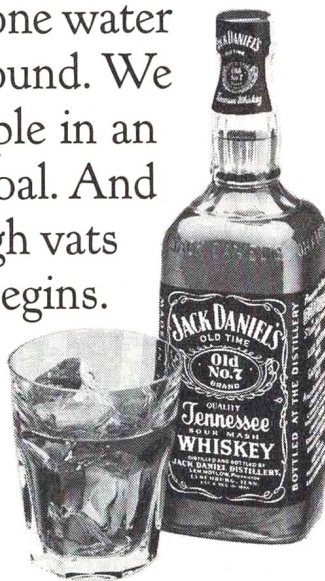
At that moment she arched her back and came. Her cunt clamped a vice-like grip on my shaft, causing me to blow my beans. I pulled out panting. This time I was spent. Mandy looked at me disappointedly, but all I could do was shrug my shoulders. Out of the blue she asked if I had a baton, and I could see the wicked thoughts in her eyes. I was amazed. I had fucked some cunts with my baton before, but not literally. I said that it was in the van.

She grabbed me by the hand and said, "Let's go and get it." We both walked out into the hall naked and made our way down to the carpark as quickly as possible. I unlocked the van and we both clambered in. I pulled out my baton and gave it to her. She took the end of it in her mouth and began to suck it like a cock. This was a total turn-on. She then gave me the baton and asked me to slide it into her arse. She turned around and put her bum in the air. I pulled her arse cheeks apart and her muckhole beckoned to me. I sucked my middle finger and pushed it into her hole. It



PITCHING BARREL BUNGS is a favourite game in Jack Daniel's Hollow.

But it's only one of the unusual things we do. We make whiskey with limestone water that springs from far underground. We burn 4 foot strips of hard maple in an open-air rick yard to get charcoal. And we mellow our whiskey through vats of this charcoal before aging begins. Nobody does any of these unusual things better than Jack Daniel's. And, we'll wager nobody can top our barrelmen at pitching bungs.

A black and white photograph of a bottle of Jack Daniel's Old No. 7 Tennessee Whiskey and a glass of whiskey with ice. The bottle is on the right, showing its iconic label with 'JACK DANIEL'S', 'OLD TIME', 'Old No. 7', and 'Tennessee SOUR MASH WHISKEY'. The glass is on the left, filled with ice cubes and whiskey. The background is dark and textured.

JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

forum

was a little tight but Mandy was obviously enjoying it as she sighed softly. I pushed the end of my baton into her cunt so as to get it lubricated, then removed my finger from her arse and replaced it with my tongue. Her sweet, musky smell was unbelievable. I pushed my tongue in as far as I could, swirling it around inside her. Mandy started to cry out in pleasure. I pulled out and told her to be quiet.

I pulled the baton out of her cunt and pushed it into her arsehole inch by inch. It went in about eight inches. Then I started to rotate it inside her. This tipped her over the edge and she had a shattering orgasm. By now my cock was ready for action again and it wanted a piece of her arse. I pulled out the baton and pushed in my cock. Her arse had been worked so much that my prick just slipped straight in. I turned Mandy over so that she was sitting on me. I'm glad the van had bench seats!

Next I put the baton into her cunt so that she was getting fucked both ways. Mandy started to buck like a mule. I didn't know how much punishment she could take, but she was taking a hell of a lot. I grabbed a tit in each hand and squeezed. Mandy leaned back and inserted her tongue into my mouth and we tongue kissed for what seemed ages. Then I started to build up speed with my thrusting, so much so that Mandy had to steady herself by putting both hands on the dashboard. I exploded so hard that I thought the head of my cock had shot into orbit. Mandy had stiffened, so I knew she had come too. We disentangled ourselves from the van and walked back to the apartment. Once we were inside, I could see my come running down the inside of her legs.

Mandy and I walked into the bedroom to see what the others were doing, and found that my partner had handcuffed Sue to the bed. But that's another story. — *Name and address withheld*

Byron bash

The following is a true account of a recent holiday my wife and I had at Byron Bay. We are both in our mid-30s, staying extremely fit through a myriad of sports, and Sue could still put most 18-year-olds to shame with her firm 38-inch boobs, 22-inch waist and the most perfectly shaped arse you would ever hope to see, all stacked on a five-foot-nine frame with a shaved pussy to boot, all of which keeps me in a constant state of arousal.

Anyway, we had offloaded the kids with the in-laws and had been spending the first couple of days uneventfully sightseeing and soaking up the sun at Kings Beach, the local nudist spot. It being off-season, we virtually had the place to ourselves until the third day, when another couple arrived and began laying out their gear on the dune next to ours. They were



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an attractive couple, looking to be about late 20s. The guy was tall and very slim and the woman was a petite blonde with perfectly pointed tits. We could see them while they were standing up to get undressed but once they lay down they were lost to view.

The hot sun soon had Sue and I feeling horny, as usual, and we began lightly caressing each other's bodies. Sue got out the strawberry-flavored oil and began spreading it over my chest, gradually working her way down over my stomach and around my groin without touching my cock and balls, knowing that it was driving me crazy. She finally tired of her teasing and poured a liberal amount into the palm of her hand, gripped my cock at the base and slowly wanked it, rubbing her palm over the glans on the upstroke, which had me on the brink of coming in two minutes flat. She then knelt across me and ran her tongue from my balls right up to the tip of my cock, taking the head in her lips and jabbing at it with her tongue, before sliding it into her warm, wet and willing mouth, almost to the base. I grabbed the oil and poured some into the crack of Sue's arse, letting it run down over the lips of her pussy, which caused a deep moan to emanate from between her full lips. I moved my hand down to begin spreading some oil round her pussy and as I did, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that the guy was standing up and staring open-mouthed, mainly because Sue's beautifully tanned arse and smoothly shaved pussy were staring him straight in the face.

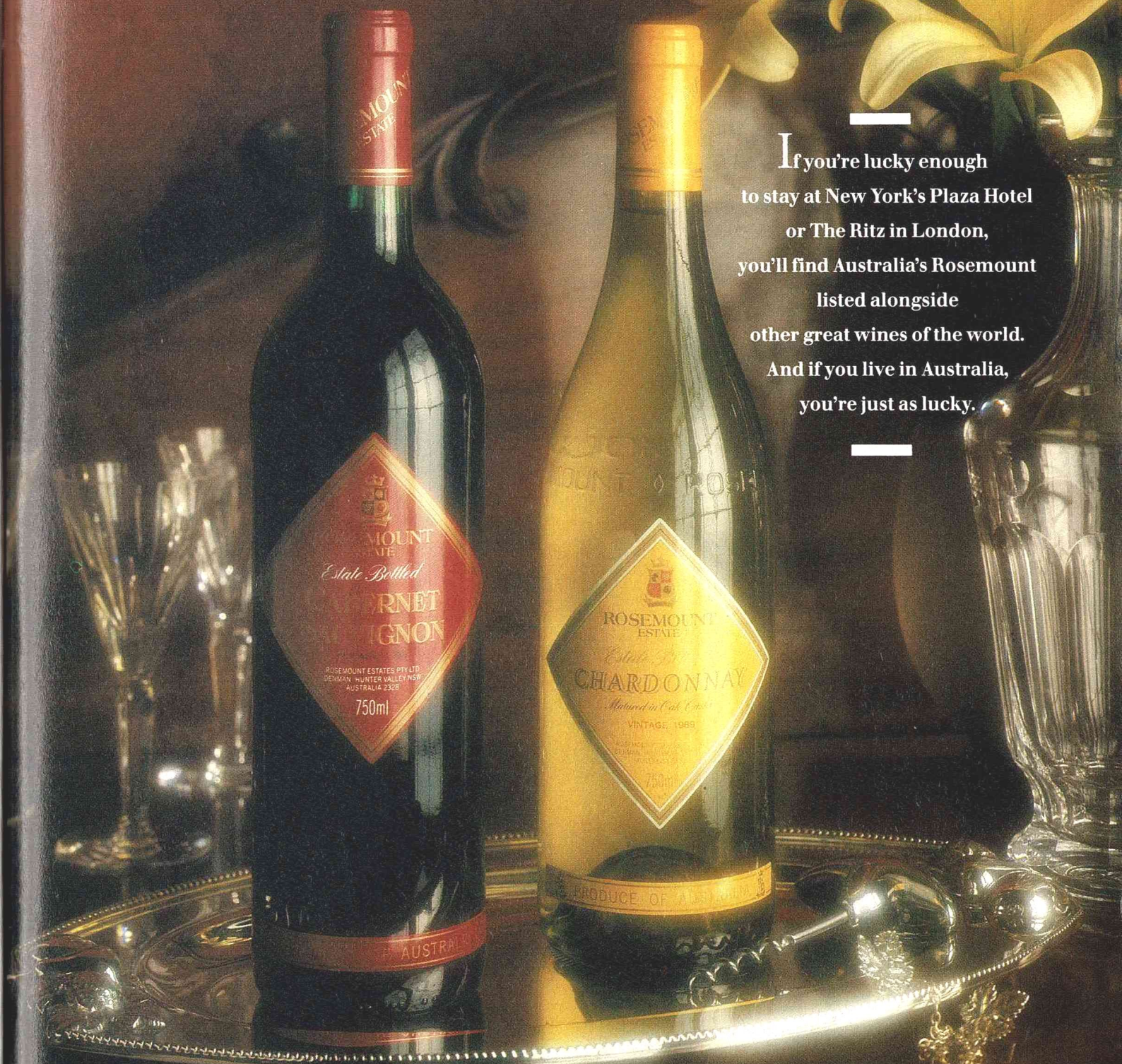
Because I was wearing mirror sunglasses he couldn't tell I was looking at him and I continued to run my fingers up and down Sue's slit until I noticed him bob down out of sight. The thought of him seeing my lady in that position was really turning me on and I proceeded to work my middle finger into Sue's tight cunt, causing more moaning and growling from the mouth that was so tenderly loving my cock. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that the guy had now been joined by his wife and they were both openly staring at my finger stirring around in Sue's cunt and her head bobbing up and down on my ecstatic cock. I heard them murmur something to each other and then they began to move toward us. The woman moved around in front of Sue and began to apologise for interrupting us but went on to explain that her husband was fascinated by shaved pussies, had been trying to get her to shave hers for ages, but that she was a little apprehensive about the whole thing and she wondered if Sue could enlighten her as to the pros and cons.

My lady, being the true exhibitionist she is, didn't bat an eyelid. She merely popped

Continued on page 105

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S E X

FRONT

BIGGUS DICKUS

If I hear one more time or read one more account saying that penis size doesn't count, I'll strangle someone. For, as surely as one of my nicknames is "Tripod", dick size *does* bloody count.

I am not a writer, something that might become painfully obvious before I'm through getting this off my chest. But bear with me if you're one of those blokes who always reckoned that a big donger was some sort of magic wand, or one of those women who's always dreamed of an over-endowed hunk while cooing to their hubby things like, "It's not the meat, darling, it's the motion."

I am an average 27-year-old married white male. I am 5'10" (178cm) tall. I have fairly broad shoulders and solid thighs from too many years of playing football. I keep fit by running, cycling, and using home gym equipment. I am a pretty average guy.

Now, about my genitals. Depending on body temperature, blood pressure and the position of the planets, when flaccid my penis measures between 6½" (16.5cm) and 7½" (19cm) in length, and the circumference varies a little between 5½" (14cm) and 6½" (16.5cm). When fully erect, from pubic bone to the tip, my penis measures exactly 9" (22.7cm) and has a circumference of 7" (17.7cm) at its thickest point. My testicles, well, they're about the size of walnuts — normal-sized unshelled walnuts, that is — and they normally cause my scrotum to extend down 5" (13cm). That's the tale of the tape.

I admit that my serve of meat and potatoes may be just a little more generous than some, but I'm no John "The Wad" Holmes. And that little bit extra down there has been in no way a blessing.

There's the nicknames for starters. Some blokes reckon they've made it when their mates give 'em a nickname. Well, I must've made it because I've had more handles than

**So you've always
thought it'd be
great to have a
big dick? Think
again, pal.**

an old hooker. The names fall into roughly two categories, the first being what I've called, however inaptly, the "smallgoods" category. Hambone, Salami, Sausage, Knockwurst . . . you get the picture. Then there's the "equestrian" category. Donkey, Mule, Phar Lap,

Horse. Christ, my wife of six years still calls me Horse! Not to forget the uncategorised names: Tripod, Errol, and, of course, the good old uncomplicated Schlöng and Donger. Sticks and stones may break your bones, but being introduced around a crowded room as Donger and watching all eyes zero in on your crotch can kind of bruise a guy's self-esteem, too.

And clothing. To say that clothing manufacturers are sensitive to the requirements of the "larger" man is like saying Attila The Hun was a Sensitive New Male. Obviously, underwear designers have never tried to bundle a couple of handfuls of manhood into their creations or they wouldn't be flooding the market with the ball stranglers that they do. Normal jocks leave me looking like



Illustration by Drahos Zak

I've shoplifted a softball and feeling uncomfortably like I could sing a few high hallelujahs for the Vienna Boys' Choir. On me, boxer shorts, though comfortable, explore the outer limits of the word embarrassment. I've put the things on, checked myself in the mirror and seen Old Faithful snaking out one leg like it wants to bite my kneecap. The trusty jock strap is an option, even though when I'm wearing one it looks like I'm packing a pet ferret in a pouch. But who wants to walk around in a jock strap with sweaty balls all the time? You wouldn't believe how relieved I was when baggy trousers came back

they'd be curious, but any suggestion of sex led to looks of stark terror, as if Freddy Krueger had put the hard word on them. I'd try to point out that really it was no bigger than the average 200g can of hairspray, etc, but they'd look at me with that unmistakable expression of: "You've got to be joking."

I'll admit that I had no shortage of dates and fumbles. Girls talk, and word of my dick travelled faster round school than a *Penthouse* mag around a boarding school dorm. But they only wanted to see it so they could giggle with their friends about it later. I was a freak, like the bloody

Elephant Man (another one of my monickers.) If I can mangle another maxim, curiosity may have killed the cat, but it very seldom got this cat laid.

I've told you I'm married, so you don't have to be Einstein to work out that I did get laid eventually. But still, without going into too much personal marital detail, my old fella causes a few problems. Any sex manual will tell you that the average vagina is only between three and four inches long (or is that deep?), and that while it can happily expand widthways, it doesn't get much longer. My wife is an average gal; we're an average couple. We just happen to have a few inches of spare prick between us whenever we have sex. Any sex manual will probably tell you, too, about certain intercourse positions recommended to achieve maximum penetration. Well, those are the ones we avoid.

Not long ago I watched a program called *The Donahue Show* where a panel of women sat on stage and discussed the problems they faced because they all had really big tits. How they all went through hell getting bras to fit them, how nobody ever took them seriously, how uncomfortable it was for them to play sport, and so on. When members of the audience (90 percent women) weren't standing up and saying they wished they had big tits, too, they were giggling at the stories these women told about how they had been discriminated against because of their boob-size. I envisioned myself on a panel of well-hung blokes, each of us complaining about all the little problems we face because of our big dicks. If women laugh at other women because of their big tits, can you imagine how men would react to a bunch of blokes whingeing about their oversized cocks? If we weren't lynched onscreen, it would be the comedy hit of the year.

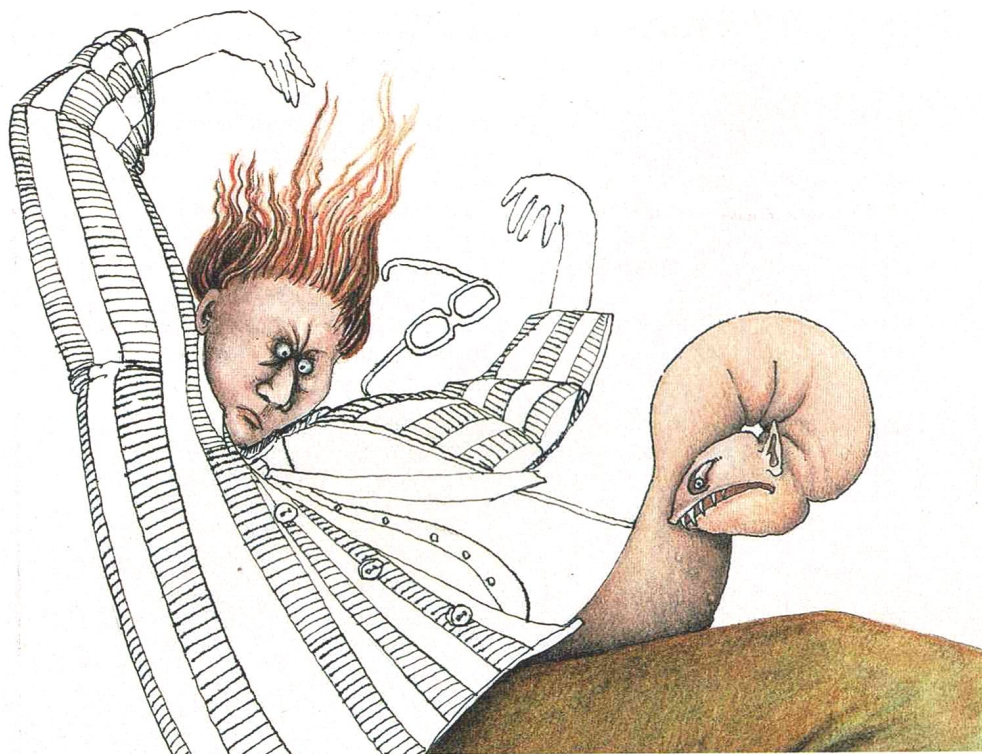
Hey, I could go on and on about the shame of rogue teenage erections on public transport, how the designer of Speedo swimwear should be burned at the stake, and more. My point is that it ain't all fun and games when you've got a big prick. And I'm the last guy in Australia to want to stretch his point any further. — Al Cameron

"Girls talk, and word of my dick travelled faster round school than a *Penthouse* mag round a boarding school dorm."

into fashion.

You're all wondering about sex. Like you're saying, "So the bloke's got a few whinges about his big cock. Poor bastard, I should have such problems. I bet when he whips it out the sheilas go bananas."

Wrong. Right from adolescence (I developed pretty early and I have been my current size since I was about 16) girls have freaked when they've clapped hand or eye on my dick. In my teen years I would ask girls out and when we got around to the exploratory part of getting to know one another they'd be reaching down my pants and their eyebrows would rise and so would I, if I wasn't already up. When they'd get it out,



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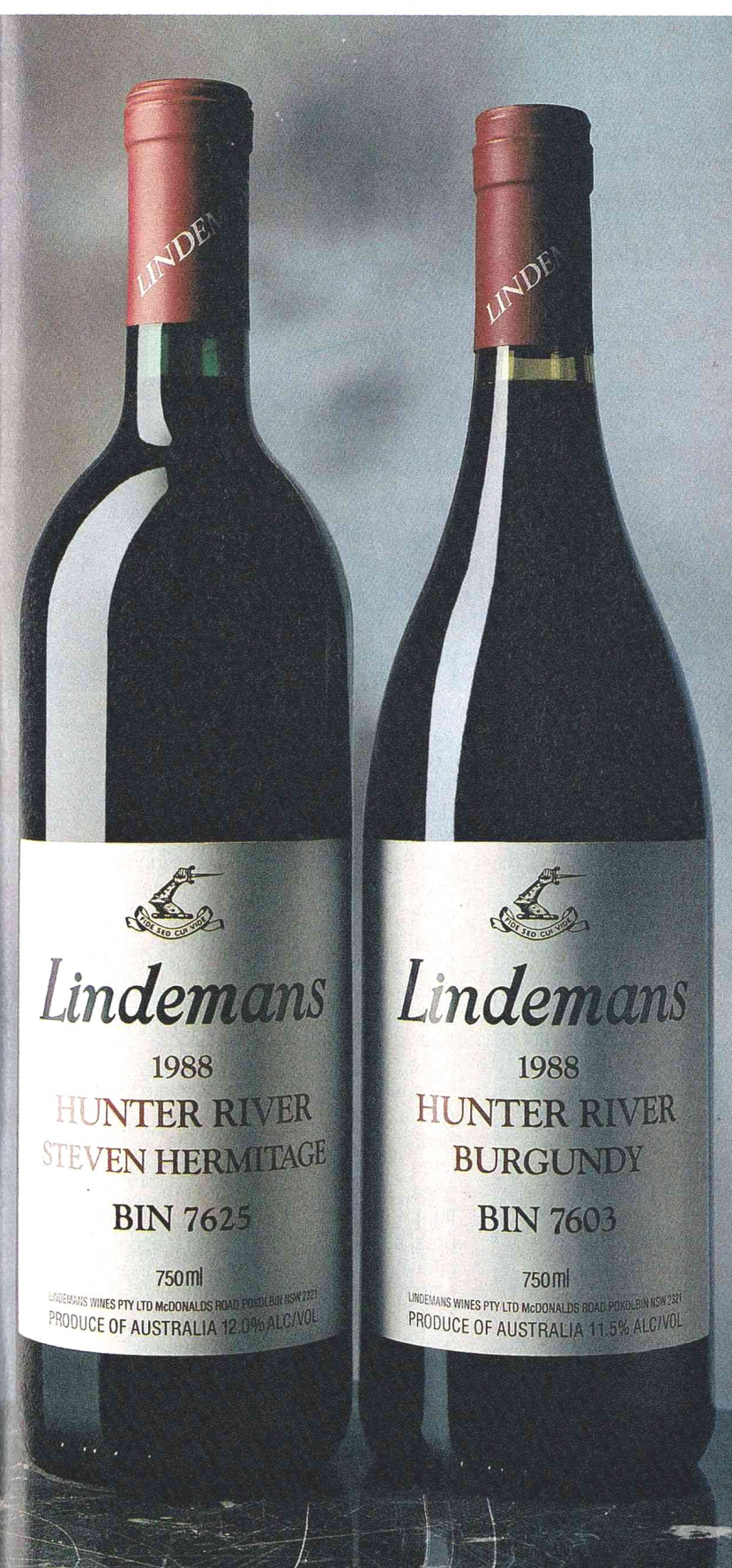
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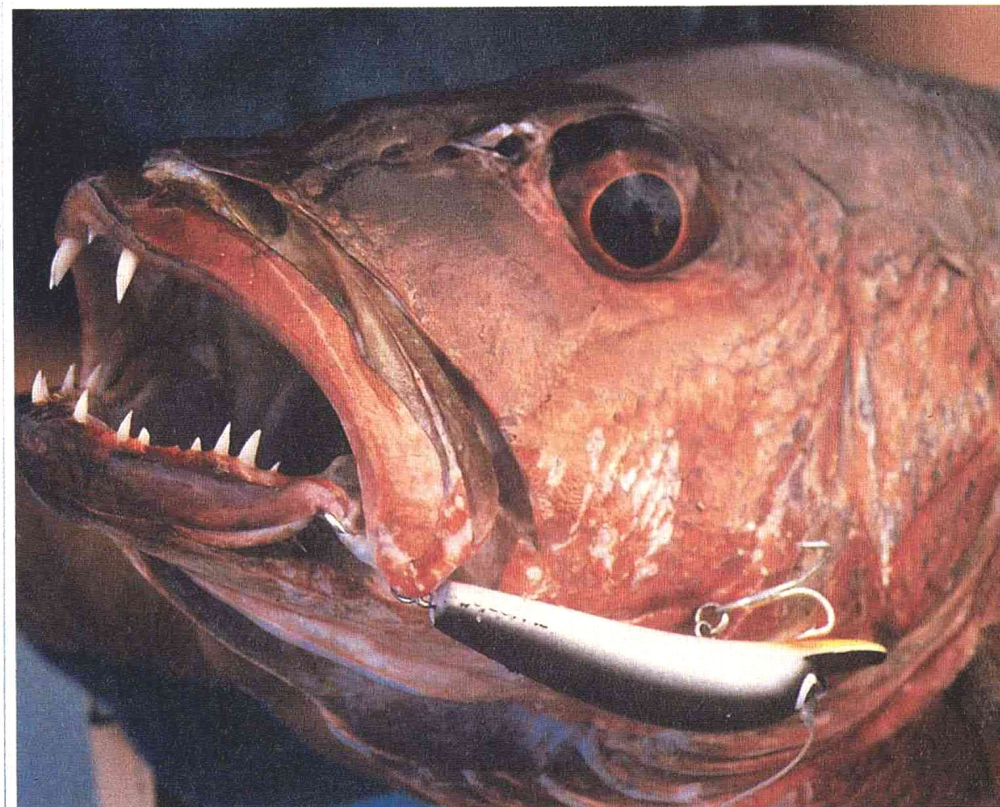
MAD DOGS AND FISHERMEN

Between December and May, when the rains come in Papua New Guinea, swollen rivers will rip up anything in their paths to the sea as they thunder down from 2000m mountaintops. Anything — including ancient trees the height of multi-storey buildings, the odd native dwelling and a few luckless buggers each year. In those months only the profoundly foolish and the suicidal consider mixing it with the force of these muddy torrents and the countless tonnes of debris that churn in them.

Even when the rivers subside and clear they remain among the most

Rivers like the Kulu in West New Britain, one of the very few PNG rivers accessible to fishing groups, have bred black and spot tail bass that thump like Mike Tyson. Cousins of the mangrove jack, the red emperor and the fingermark bream — all noted for their bullheaded tenacity and wallop — the Nuigini black and spot tail are the biggest, toughest, wildest bad-asses of the Lutjanus family. In fact, they may just offer the most intense sportsfishing in the world.

According to Dean Butler, the 28-year-old Australian sportsfisherman who, with partner Rod Harrison, has



inhospitable on Earth. They snake through untouched and for the most part impassable jungle. Mosquitoes and crocodiles rule and snags and massive logjams recall the rivers' rainy season might and make navigation at worst impossible and at best a tricky chore. In those dry and clear-water months of June to October there are plenty who still regard the rivers of PNG as the territory only of mad dogs and, since a couple of years ago, sportsfishermen. For it's only in the reaches of rivers like these that anglers can experience the prized fighting fish, the Nuigini black bass and spot tail bass.

opened up this part of the world to fishing parties, anything that survives and thrives in rivers like the Kulu is going to be mean. When you're talking about bass that grow up to about 60lb, bass that lurk in snags and ambush the anglers' lures with a speed and ferocity that can snap 40-50lb line like thread and shatter chunky graphite casting rods. . . yeah, you're not talking about pansies. And unlike with, say, marlin fishing, there's no captain to locate the fish, no 300hp of boat power and no deckies to help bring her in; it is the fisherman alone whose skill and endurance result in landing one of these mothers.



Bass fishing involves either casting or trolling deep diving lures or using more testing and rewarding surface lures. Equipment is heavy duty by necessity, and graphite composite rods allow optimum heavy lure casting accuracy amid the jungle undergrowth and snags. From their cover, the bass attack the lures with breathtaking speed, ripping back through the snags with such grunt that even a five pounder can give the impression that you've just hooked a tiger shark. Butler has seen rods ripped from stunned anglers' fists, reels wrenched from their anchors, rods exploding with a crack like gunfire. . . And then there's the lures. A fishing warehouse of not-so-cheap lures has been lost to the fighting bass of the Kulu. Them's the breaks when you rumble with these cunning heavyweights of the jungle.

Very little is known scientifically about these species. In fact, until only four years ago the spot-tail was unknown internationally and fished only by native Papuans and handful of in-the-know expats. In 1987, Butler and Harrison were exploring the

rivers of PNG, fishing primarily for black bass, when they heard for the first time of the spot-tail, found in the rivers of New Britain.

Reconnaissance uncovered a sportsfisherman's paradise and resulted in a plan to build a fishing lodge on the banks of the Kulu, which, though remote, could be accessed from the oil palm town of Kimbe on the northern shore of West New Britain.

Nuigini's mighty bass offer the most intense sportsfishing on the planet

Built in the native style, and under typically extreme PNG conditions from the resources of the jungle, the lodge, nicknamed the Kulu Hilton, opened its doors to its first fishing party in July, 1989. Five groups of four to six anglers, ranging in skill from international experts to relative novices, visited the Hilton during the dry season that year. Interestingly, that season a couple of beginners hooked the biggest fish. Last year, after jungle encroachment and flood damage required extensive rebuilding, the lodge hosted 13 groups from Australia and the US.

To fish the Kulu, the groups flew to Port Moresby then changed for Hoskins an hour or so away in New Britain. Then it was a road trip through oil palm plantations to overnight in the scuba resort of Walindi on Kimbe Bay. Next morning the groups would travel by 4WD out through the jungle, hopping out of one vehicle to pick their way through wetland when the road became impassable, and into another 4WD for another twisting bumpy ride. Then they packed up their gear and trekked the rest of the way through the jungle to the lodge. Butler plays down the effort involved in reaching the river, but anyone who has done it knows the first-time experience is like living a chapter of Conrad's

Heart Of Darkness.

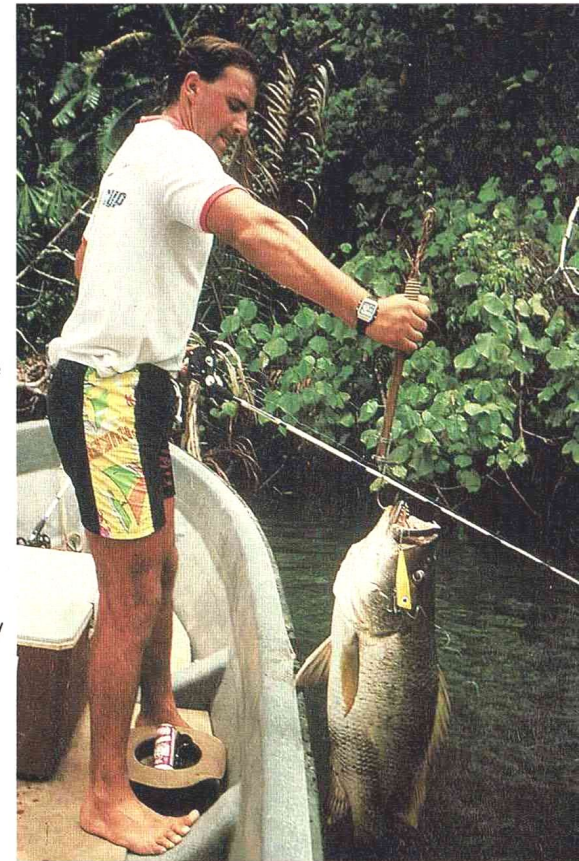
Without a doubt, the calibre of the fishing renders the difficulty in reaching this spot to the minimal. While the Kulu bass fishing is a catch and release affair, other species of the river, including mangrove jack, giant trevally, fingermark bream and many more are for the taking and for the table. But maybe the most exhilarating aspect for those who venture here is the rarest chance to witness an environment so beautifully savage and, on trips downriver to the ocean and islands, experience a culture more different and more unspoiled than most on Earth. Butler, who has taken fishing groups to the remotest corners of Australia and the Pacific, is most passionate about this part of the world. The 80 or so fishermen who accompanied him and Harrison in their pioneering of sportsfishing here share every ounce of his wild-eyed enthusiasm for the sheer adventure and richness of this little-explored area.

At the time of writing it was unknown whether the Kulu Hilton would be open for groups this year; the pressures of the jungle, its people and the toll the river itself may be taking right now see to it that nothing much besides the coming of the rains is ever 100 percent certain up there. Butler is planning another fishing lodge on one of the thousands of deserted jungle atolls that dot the teeming PNG seas, and will this year be operating from a

mothership that's free to explore a variety of fishing grounds within what is increasingly being recognised as the most diverse and challenging corner of the sportsfisherman's atlas.

— C.J.Mackay

For more information about fishing PNG, contact Sportsfishing Adventures, 100 Clarence St, Sydney, ph: (02) 262 4761.



JAWS ON PAWS

The old hound stands at attention on the bonnet of the truck, lifts his nose to the breeze, strong with the scent of bear, and howls. "A strike," yells our guide as he jumps from the cab, locating the large paw prints that cross the road and disappear into the underbrush.

"He's a big one," Bill Cameron exclaims while opening the dog cages and attaching the radar

tracking collars. They're trained to give chase to Oregon's black bears, animals which abound in the heavily forested backwoods surrounding the town of Grants Pass.

Cameron and his partner, John Vlasak, co-owners of Shasta Outfitters, acquired the taste for this type of action whilst on the battlefields of South Vietnam; Cameron fought in the Marines and Vlasak completed two tours with the Green Berets. Now both men use their vast experience in weaponry and survival to take paying customers into this region to match wits with a prey that possesses a formidable arsenal of defences. A fully grown "black" bear (they're actually brown-furred) stands more than three metres tall and can touch 370 kilos, is able to run at 75 km/h, can climb any tree and take a man's head off with a single swipe. Bears are notorious scavengers, eating virtually anything they can get their paws on, occasionally including humans.

An estimated 200,000 bears roam continental America. Many states, including Oregon, set aside a two-month hunting season. Rigid controls are enforced by game wardens, with a restricted number of tags issued, limiting the number of bears killed. Unfortunately, culling is a necessary measure as human encroachment on

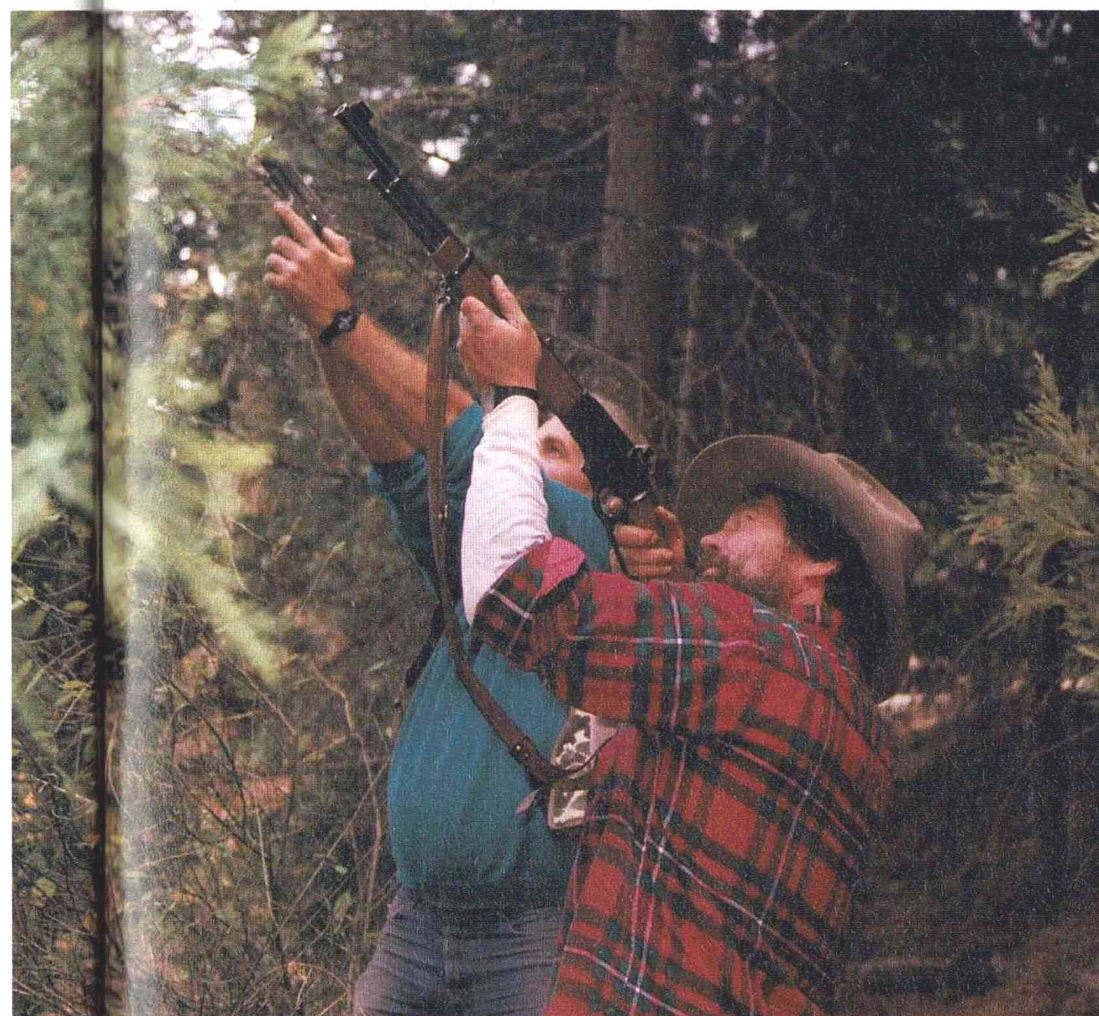
the bears' habitat is bringing both species increasingly into unpredictable collision. Apart from that, there's been a population increase amongst the bears because large garbage dumps supply a stable food force.

Rogue bears are a constant headache for the local authorities, many damaging property or terrorising local people. Professional hunters are often called in to deal with the problem. John Vlasak recalls: "There was this one bear which was damaging fruit trees. I shot it 23 times with a 9mm pistol because my rifle jammed. It still ran off and when I caught up, it had fallen out of a tree and landed on my dog. The bear was smart and played dead, holding its eyes open until I got close enough for it to swipe me across the chest with its claws. It sent me flying. Luckily it ran off, never to be seen again. I tell you, these bears are the toughest things I know."

To deal with the "Jaws On Paws", Cameron and Vlasak use .444 Marlin repeating rifles with a shortened 18-inch barrel. Cameron carries the trusty .357 revolver for a back-up while Vlasak prefers the newer 10mm Smith & Wesson.

Bear hunting must be one of the most dangerous forms of hunting there is; there are hundreds of stories of close encounters. Like the time Bill and John stalked a bear into a cave only a metre or so high. At one point they thought they had lost it and John sat down on what he thought was a rock, but was in fact the bear. The struggle only ended when he managed to put two .44 magnum slugs into the animal's skull. In a nearby county, a young female game warden was attacked by two bears. Realising she had no chance to escape, she feigned death. The bears proceeded to gnaw on her skull, causing it to fracture. The brave warden was then buried under a cluster of loose branches and left to rot. When the bears departed she made her escape.

Bill Cameron turns the steel antenna from right to left, intently studying the small black box in his hand, searching for the strongest signal which will indicate the direction the dogs have taken. The tracking equipment, two-way radio



and 4WD trucks play a major role in high-tech hunting.

Six hours have passed; the baying of the dogs echoes off the valley walls from somewhere deep within the thick pine forest, making it almost impossible to determine the direction the sound is coming from. The tough four-wheel-drives bounce across the dirt tracks that criss-cross these hills. They were mainly built for use by large logging trucks, but make it much easier for mobile hunters to penetrate deep into the bears' territory.

The tracking signal takes us into a third valley. The signal becomes stronger and suddenly Bill swears as he slams on the brakes, swerving to avoid a large bear and pursuing hounds that appear in the centre of the road before tearing back into the underbrush. The tracking signal tone changes, signifying the hounds are raising their heads to stare up at the now "treed" bear. The hunters reach for their weapons, sensing the chase

is in its final stages.

The bear has put up a valiant fight, covering 80 kilometres with the trail now ending at the base of a tall pine, the bear perched atop a thick branch from where he peers curiously at the hunters.

I look across at the hunters, hoping they might be satisfied with having just treed the creature, now that the drama of the chase is over. After all, this is a beautiful wild animal. Suddenly, however, the bear lets out a deep growl and begins to climb down from the tree. I scramble up the slope, shooting off film as I do so. The rifle cracks. The bullet strikes the bear in the chest, ripping vital organs. But it continues its descent. John fires his 10mm pistol, tracking the bullets into the bear, knocking it backwards, its body snapping huge branches like twigs as it plunges to the ground.

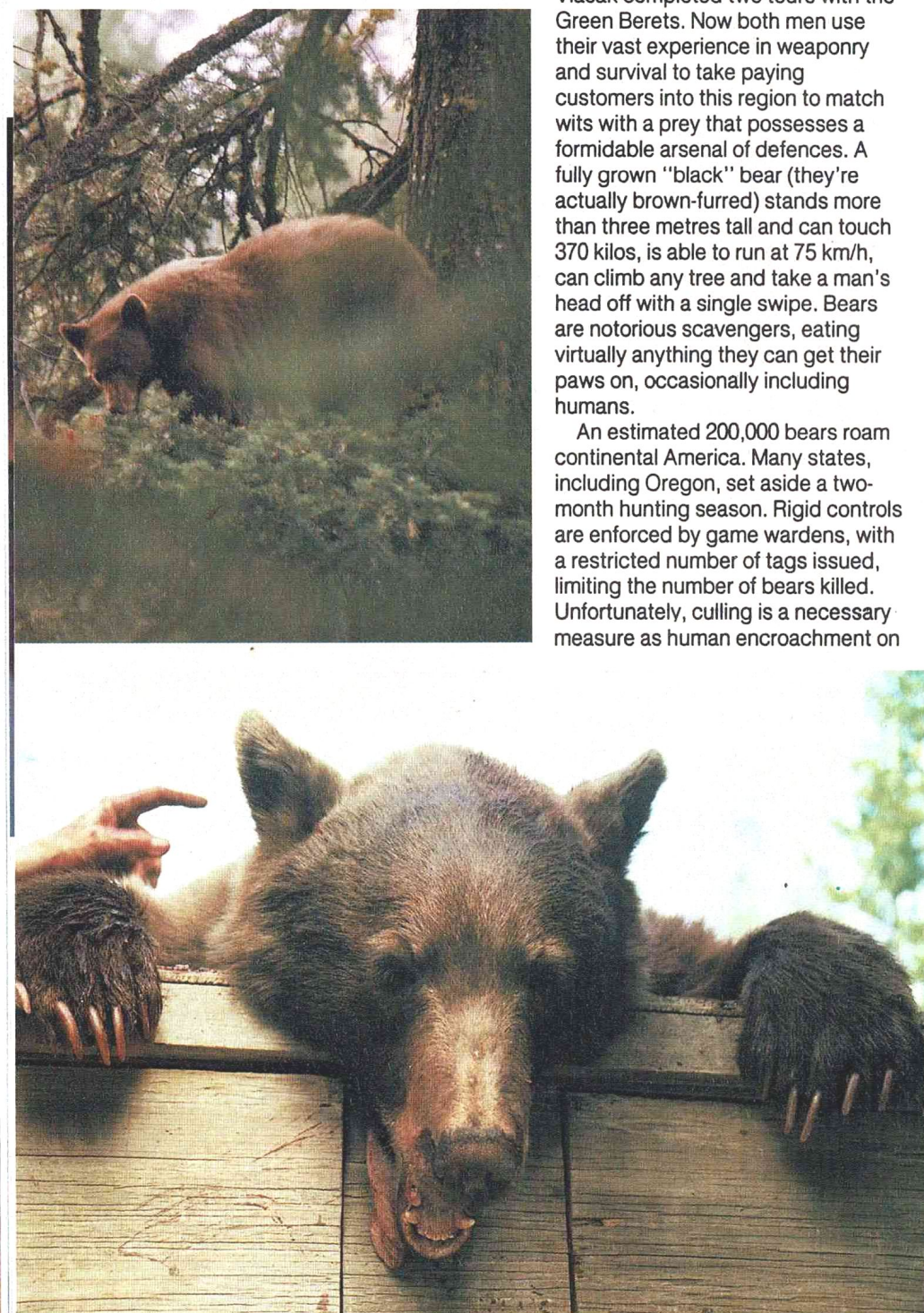
John runs to the still moving bear and finishes it with a head shot. The dogs tear away from their handlers,



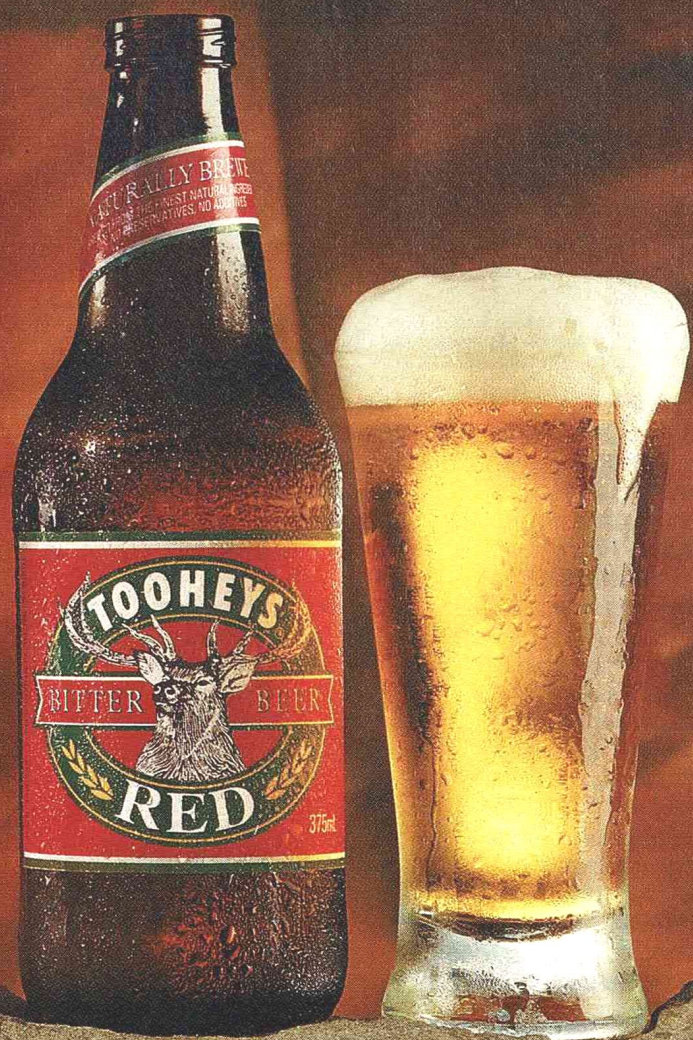
The culling of America's black bears is a sad and savage spectacle

immediately worrying the hide — a reward allowed by the hunters for their efforts.

A feeling of deep remorse sweeps over me as I recall how excited I had become during the course of the hunt. Was I partly responsible for this splendid creature's death, just for the sake of a few photographs? But as Bill points out, their hunting expeditions provide a service to their area. If the bears were allowed to multiply without a season of culling, virtually every backyard would have a carnivorous visitor lurking about the garbage pile — a prospect even the staunchest animal lover would find somewhat unsettling. — Brett Stevens



Have a Red instead.



THE NATURALLY BREWED BITTER.

LAZYPAN'S PLEASURES

I first visited Fiji a decade ago as a young reporter writing on various new resorts. My arrogant and ignorant impression was that the joint was a boring haven for middle-aged, middle-class Australian holiday makers whose most essential accessory was a brace of screaming brats. Bored by the night-time company of honeymooners and family men, I ended up hanging with the native waiters and kitchenhands, enjoying their genuine good vibes and endless rounds of kava while a lacklustre black band played bad Beatles covers for a few sad couples shuffling around the dance floor.

Fiji, I thought, is for fogeys.

Today I recline poolside at the Sheraton Fiji, doing my best to ignore my bleating spouse, who I notice is starting to look a little like Dame Edna Everage, although perhaps she's not as feminine. I've got one eye on Emma, who is frolicking with her little friends in the shallows. The trade wind rustles the palms overhead but it is still gloriously, tropically hot. Using the back of my

talking HOLIDAY here, defined in the dictionary as "period in which a break is taken from work for rest and recreation."

I have no interest in torturous action-man adventures in which my precious two weeks away from the workplace are spent scaling Himalayan peaks or whitewater rafting the Franklin. I don't want a vacation which will result in my spending a month in traction. After 30 weeks of industry, a fortnight of indolence is compulsory as far as I'm concerned, and Fiji is the place to get lazy.

Here's why. For Australians the place is cheap, clean and easy to get to. There are no language or transport problems and relatively little crime, and the climate and natives are friendly. In 1991, the same can be said for very few other exotic tropical tourist destinations on planet Earth.

I feel not the slightest twinge of guilt in ignoring the daytime activities on offer at most Fijian resorts — windsurfing, snorkelling etc. And the

resort boutiques which features a large black panel with the words "Nightlife In Fiji" emblazoned above it. This accurately sums up your evening options. Don't bother to pack your fancy clobber because

Safe, simple Fiji grows on you like a flabby gut

you won't be experiencing any after-dark excitement — unless you like Bingo.

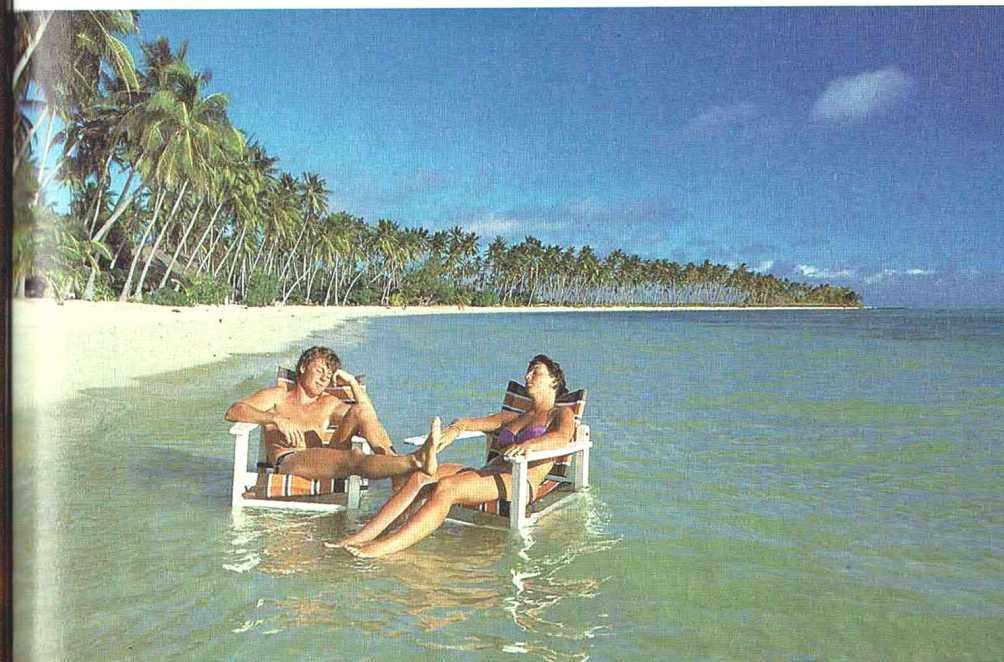
So what's left to do in Fiji? Nothing, and that suits me fine. I'm here to recharge my batteries and work on my tan, and so it seems are all the other bodies soaking up cosmic rays around the pool.

The Fijian tourism industry was devastated by the coups in 1987, but it's now back on its feet and booming. Most operators report that they are now busier than ever. And they are dealing with increasing numbers of Americans and Japanese. The place is no longer a destination exclusive to Australians. The magnificent Sheraton complex at Nadi indicates the improvements in the quality of accommodation and service required by the Japs and Seppos.

From my place in the sun, things are looking pretty good. Last night we dined at the hotel's Port O'Call restaurant, a truly refined gastronomic experience more in keeping with *haute cuisine* than the usual tropical delights on offer over here — coconut is the dominant ingredient in every course from the pre-dinner cocktail to dessert.

Right now, digestion is the only function of which I am capable. Although, in my overheated but relaxed state, as I gaze over at my dear wife's thighs, I detect a faint and unfamiliar stirring in my loins. Last night I noticed that the resident band did a fair rendition of "Yesterday." Tonight, after the seafood smorgasbord, it may be appropriate to ask my darling if she'd like to dance. Who knows what that invitation could lead to? — Mike Kent

Photos courtesy of APL



hand to wipe sweat from my brow, I remove my mirror shades, observing in their reflection a balding pate and some bulky abdominal baggage. With a shock I realise that I have turned into the creature which ten years ago I so despised.

And now I see why Fiji is for me, and millions like me, the perfect holiday destination. Now, we're

fact that most of this equipment lies unused on the beach all day indicates that I am not Robinson Crusoe there.

Fortunately, Pacific Islanders are not big on cultural pursuits, so the observation of dance and the purchase of artefacts is not required. If I want culture, I'll go to Graceland.

There's a T-shirt on sale in the

WHERE TO SAVE

Making the wild assumption that we've actually got some money and making the even wilder assumption that there's some left over after paying the freight on living, we come to the problem of where to save the bloody stuff. Given the events of the past 15 months, a lot of savers would be burying their money in the backyard.

For the time being, you can forget about property trusts, equity trusts and mortgage funds; the big growth products of the Eighties now look as attractive as a bunch of dead flowers. (Although many of these products will bloom again, you would need a lot of research and not a little faith to go bargain hunting amongst them.) Which leaves us with our basic savings institutions: banks, building societies and credit unions.

We haven't had a real bank failure since the Depression and are unlikely to have one this time around. But let's start at the other end — with credit unions, which are co-operative societies set up for special interest groups. They pay competitive interest rates and make small loans to members for such items as home repairs or a car.

One good feature of credit unions is that there is no separate

Eeny meeny miney mo, where the heck will you stow your dough?

ownership structure seeking profit. Service to their members is their primary aim, not a secondary aim in support of a profit motive. However, there is a tendency for credit unions to be amateurish: this is part and parcel of their philosophy, in that they will have boards elected by their members and thus are open to the influence of well-meaning amateurs.

All the same, credit union failure has, touch wood, not been common. There are also stringent government controls and reserve requirements on credit unions as well as statutory

funds to cover any problems individual credit unions may suffer. Credit union lending policy is usually — or should be — to concentrate on the smaller borrower so that even if the loan gets into trouble — say, the borrower loses his job — it can, at least some time, be paid off. This is unlikely to be the case with loans to, say, Alan Bond or Christopher Skase.

With many of the 700 or so credit unions being small, one-branch shows, it is difficult to generalise but, on the whole, they are okay institutions, excellent for small savings and borrowings. Perhaps it's just blind prejudice on my part to say I wouldn't want *all* my savings tied up in something like the Back O'Bourke Beer Drinkers & Bullock Dray Wheelmakers Credit Union, if you know what I mean.

Building societies have prospered in Australia since the Sixties, when the banks turned away from the home-lending market. Many have recently shed their co-operative status and become almost full service financial institutions. Some have even become banks. Apart from the Farrow Group fiasco and ructions associated with the greed and power of WA Inc, building societies have served the community well.

But in the very nature of their operations there is what many traditionalists see as a fatal flaw: they borrow short but lend long. That is, most of the money invested with them by depositors is at call, virtually available on demand; but most of this money is then lent out for 15 to 30 years. If all — or even half — the depositors of any one building society wanted the money back at one time, it would be impossible to meet this demand. This, the traditionalists say, is a recipe for disaster.

It would be a disaster only if we departed from our normal, rational course of behavior: if we underwent some medieval ergot poisoning or John Laws-induced panic. For the borrowers from building societies are you and me, and we're not about to abscond. The loans are secured against our houses, which we cannot take with us or sell without the lender knowing. My brother, who runs a building society, reckons home prices would have to fall to 60

percent of their already discounted value for the society's equity in your home to even look like being at risk.

Banks, as we know, are big, safe and boring. But they haven't been doing well lately. Yet, so vast are

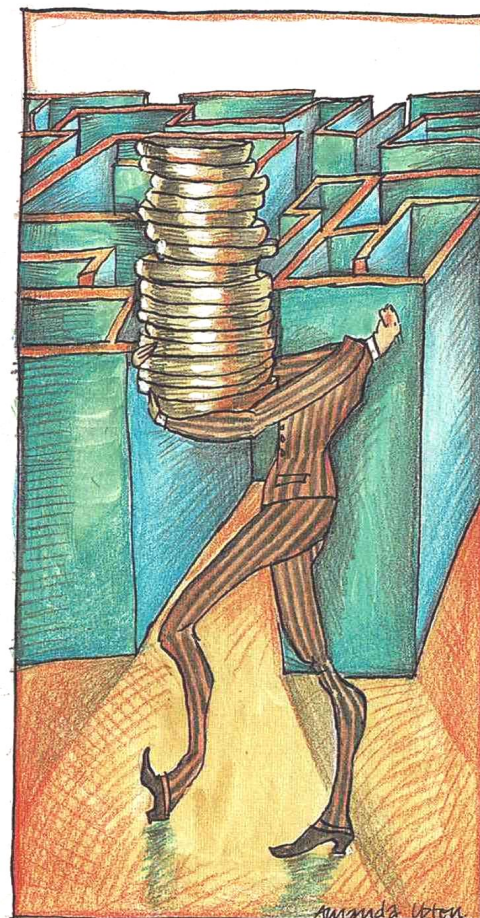
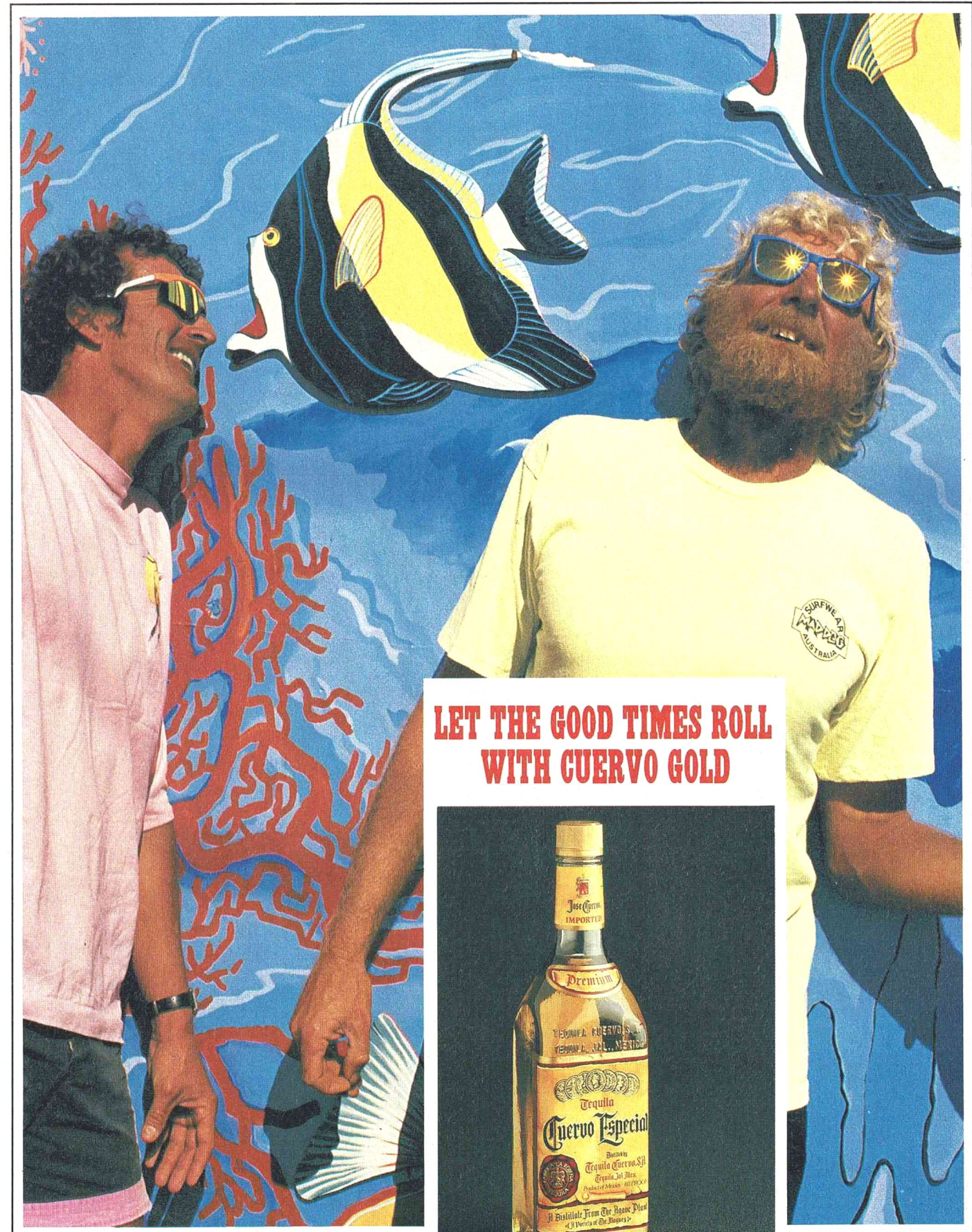


Illustration by Amanda Upton

their reserves — *our* reserves, because a lot of "their" money is in fact *our* money — they can wipe off half a billion dollars at a time in dud loans and still declare a profit. The four majors have tremendous financial strength and, even though they could still have some big mistakes to face up to, your savings with them are safe.

Of course they're stingy, which is why the other institutions, such as credit unions and building societies, exist. Each type of institution has uses and it is a good idea to have an account with each. But if you want to be conservative with your savings, even at the expense of a point or two of interest in return for security, a bank is probably a better place to go — at least until we get out of this present slump. — *David Quicksilver*



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As more women of the world are now working and developing a better perspective of their style and image, it is with this in mind that the Rod Alexander Collection has been developed...Bridalwear for the nineties.

For a little discreet video-making (ahem!) consider Canon's baby A10 camcorder, which is small enough not to intimidate the camera-shy. Weighing just 770g, the 8mm format A10 can be comfortably used single-handedly and boasts fully automatic operation, but is equipped with some fancy features such as an eight times zoom, built-in titling (lest you forget), remote control and hi-fi stereo sound recording. Also noteworthy is an ability to record in light levels as low as four lux, which means you can almost do it in the dark. It's yours for \$2399 from Canon Australia. ▶



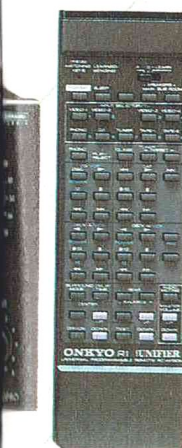
▶ Loudspeakers are like wine: it's easy to get bogged down in the jargon and completely overlook the essential pleasures of a good product. Apogee Acoustic's new Centaurs sound good, right? That's the important bit (along with the \$3995 a pair price tag), but if you really want to know why, they employ a 65cm long ribbon-type mid-range and tweeter combined with an 20cm diameter bass driver (woofer) supported in an acoustic suspension enclosure (see?). This design delivers exceptional efficiency, a very high sound level and a wide but stable sound stage. What this means to your ears is the audible equivalent of a particularly fine vintage claret. Kedcorp P/L is the distributor.



The VHS empire strikes back as JVC launches a competitor to the flood of ultracompact 8mm camcorders from Sony, Sanyo and Canon. JVC's GR-AX7 is claimed to be the world's lightest camcorder and this despite the need to accommodate a VHS-C cassette and the provision of all the features you need to make a professional-looking video. These include a 7-42mm power zoom, digital titling, 1/4000 second high-speed shutter and long play mode. Operation is fully automatic, but the AX7 also boasts a high degree of sophistication including auto tracking and backlight compensation. ▼



▶ Ever wondered why cinema sound seems so realistic, but the same movie on home video is flat and lifeless? The difference is the provision of additional audio channels which "place" sounds behind you at the flicks. This extra information — known as surround sound — is also recorded on to video movies, but you need special equipment to decode. Onkyo is happy to oblige with the TX-SV50 PRO. This unit also drives the extra pair of speakers needed in a surround set-up and can recreate the ambience of listening areas from cathedral to jazz club. In fact, it can control all aspects of an integrated video/audio system, which makes the \$1299 price tag easy to justify. Distributed by Audio Insight.



▶ If you like flaunting badges of success then you can be seen with nothing less than a Leica. Local importer Leica Instruments has made the acquisition of the legendary SLR a little less financially painful by introducing a budget model which sells for a mere \$4000. The R-E is a precision instrument which makes a Swiss watch look crude by comparison, but it's also so strong you can stand on the top plate while the lenses are sharp enough to cut you. Notable features of the R-E include dual metering systems, both auto and manual exposure control and a top shutter speed of 1/2000 second.

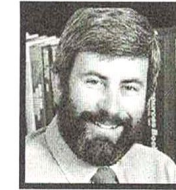
▶ Gone are the days when hi-fi gear just had to sound good; now it also has to look the part, which is why JVC called in a big-name designer to draw the MX-1. It's a smart component system finished in designer grey and it can be set up vertically or horizontally to make the best use of space. There's an impressive 400 watts on tap and the speakers are ported to deliver knee-trembling bass. CD player, dual cassette deck, seven-band graphic equaliser and AM/FM tuner are also part of the MX-1 package. Distributed by Hagemeyer (Australasia) B.V.



▶ Corruption of the Queen's English is rife among the Japanese audio equipment manufacturers, and Sharp has just come up with a pearler in the form of "DigiTurbo." It describes a system for extracting big sound from little boxes and the loudspeakers in question accompany Sharp's CDJ-X3 portable sound system. The complete set-up weighs a totable 5.6 kgs, and is just 58cm in width, but comprises CD player, twin cassette deck and AM/FM tuner. The speakers employ separate amps to drive the bass woofers which, along with the incorporation of a resonance, is the secret behind the big sound.

▶ The world in your hand is the promise of Sony's diminutive ICF-SW1, which is a diminutive radio receiver no bigger than an audio cassette. Yet despite its size you can tune into the world via short wave reception and the tiny tuner also offers FM stereo, AM (medium wave) and long wave bands. For convenience, there's four-way tuning, ten station presets, auto scanning of the wavelengths and a digital display which shows the selected station and acts as an alarm clock. Power comes from two penlight batteries, but an auto voltage AC adaptor is also supplied so you can plug in around the world. Available from leading Sony stockists.





Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

Pressure Points

The facts and fallacies surrounding stress

Stress" has become a buzz-word and "stress management" a pop industry. Unfortunately this means that much of what you hear about stress and much of what is suggested to you for managing it is at best ill-informed and at worst fraudulent.

Fallacy: Stress is purely a psychological problem.

Fact: Stress is a component of all physical illness. Too much stress interferes with your immune system, leaving you vulnerable to infections and diseases like cancer. And too much stress contributes directly to developing disease. For example, high stress associated with anger makes your blood cells sticky, causing them to attach to the walls of your blood vessels and to form clots, which contribute to heart and blood vessel disease.

Fallacy: Stress is mostly a problem for senior executives.

Fact: This one gets an occasional nudge along when a business or political leader keels over with a heart attack. In fact, stress is more often a problem at middle management and workplace levels. The main reason is the different levels of autonomy at different levels of appointment. Senior executives do have a lot on their plates, but

they also have a big say in how they'll do it. That's not so at middle management and workplace levels, where workers are mostly told what to do and how to do it. Autonomy — how much say you have in how you work — turns out to be the single most important determinant of work-related stress.

Fallacy: Stress results from not being able to cope with demands.

Fact: This is how most people think of stress: too much on my plate, can't keep up. In fact, stress results from too much or too little demand in your life. Boring, monotonous and repetitive jobs are just as stressful as jobs that are too demanding. Moderate levels of stress actually enhance your performance, your health and your psychological well-being. It's immoderate levels of stress that drag down your performance, health and well-being. Effective stress management is aimed at helping you strike the right balance.

Fallacy: Stress is the result of our modern lifestyle.

Fact: Because the nature and effects of stress were not as well known 30 years ago, there is an illusion that it is a recent problem. In fact, the only non-stressed humans are dead ones. Anyone who offers to take away

all of your stress is either an undertaker short of business or, more likely, a charlatan who wants to sell you something with no scientific basis at all.

Stress is the interaction between the demands in your life, on the one hand, and your coping skills, on the other hand. It's the process of you managing your life. In that sense, it's as normal as breathing and just as necessary. When your demands are nicely balanced by your coping skills, you are experiencing eustress (good stress) and your performance, health and well-being are optimum. When your demands are too great or your coping skills are inadequate, you are experiencing dystress (bad stress). Effective stress management is aimed at maximising the eustress in your life and minimising the dystress.

"Stress is just as normal as breathing and just as necessary."

Just reducing your stress level would eventually be distressing.

Fallacy: Stress can be managed by learning to relax. So come and join our biofeedback, transcendental relaxation class in a flotation chamber and we'll waft the stress out of you on little purple clouds of relaxation.

Fact: I don't know of any scientific research which shows that anybody has ever solved any problem by learning to relax his body. Many people find that trying to relax makes them more

tense because they use their relaxation time as uncluttered worry time, to rehearse past problems and imagine future ones.

If you can't relax your mind, relaxing your body isn't any help and may even be impossible. I begin stress management programs by teaching people some straight thinking skills so that they can relax mentally. Then relaxing physically can be handy.

Fallacy: Stress can be managed by strenuous exercise. So come and join our gold-plated executive gym, leave your left arm and Bankcard in deposit at the door, and we'll sweat the stress out of you.

Fact: This myth gets a nudge along from overstressed people, usually with a strong "Type A" behaviour pattern (highly tense and excessively competitive), who use exercise for tension relief. The problem is that they overdo their exercise, like everything else, and wind up damaging themselves.

In fact, most people who start a strenuous exercise program stop soon afterwards. It's just as well they pay attention to their complaining bodies, because strenuous exercise programs are potentially damaging. Steadily accumulating evidence shows that all we need for maximum benefit is moderate exercise — the kind ordinary, non-obsessive people might stick to. One of the side-effects of stress is fatigue. If you aren't very fit, by the end of the day you're washed out, unwilling to do much and leading an imbalanced lifestyle. If you are reasonably fit, as a result of regular, moderate exercise, you have energy left over for some fun and recreation, which are good methods of stress management themselves. 

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advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

New experiences

I am 19 and my girlfriend is 20. Just recently I've been thinking about her in a different sort of way. I want her to pee all over me after we make love. I've never thought about this before, and don't know why I am now. I've seen it done in a movie, but that was the only time.

I'm scared to front my girlfriend about this because I'm not sure what she would say to me. I've also been imagining some of the models in your magazine peeing all over me and this turns me on a lot.

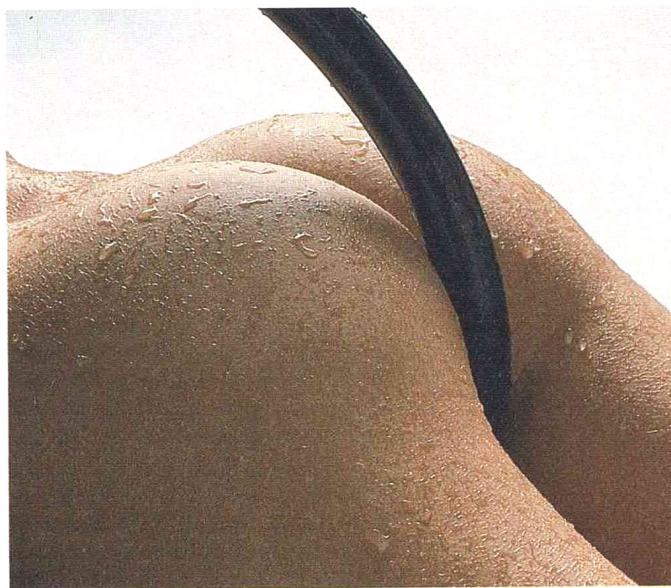
I've been going out with my girlfriend for the past year and don't want to do anything that is going to change her mind about me in any way because I feel very close to her and don't want to hurt her.

Could be that sex with your girlfriend has become a little routine and you want to try something new. There's no reason why you shouldn't, if it's okay with her. You could try to find out what her attitude to such a suggestion might be by telling her what you've told me — that you've seen it in a film and wonder what it would be like. If she yells "yuk", then it might be better to leave it be. But you never know until you try. Either way, I doubt you'll hurt her by inquiring about it. There's nothing weird of freaky about wanting to try out new experiences.

Curved dick

I'm 17 and I've got a problem. My dick isn't straight — it curves a bit to the right — about two centimetres. The first time my girlfriend saw it, she said it was abnormal and refused to have sex with me. She says I should see a doctor about how to get it straightened. She's also 17. Is there an operation that can fix this?

No, and you don't need to have one, either. It's perfectly normal to have a curved dick — lots of people do. Some to the right,



he's on the level, then your mistrust will have an even worse effect on your marriage. Time to start communicating seriously.

Slow coming

My partner complains that I take too long to come — both during intercourse and if she's giving me head. She likes it when I come in her mouth, but says I take so long that her jaw aches. How long are men expected to take to come? Should I do anything to make myself speed up?

Surely far more women complain to their partners that they come too soon! It's hard to give

you a "proper" time span — for intercourse or blow jobs. But if your partner and you regularly get tired, dry and sore waiting for you to come, or if you don't come at all, then you may be suffering from retarded ejaculation. This is a condition which has received far less limelight than premature ejaculation, simply because it is perceived to be a good thing if a man holds out for a long time. Generally, experts say, a man who regularly doesn't come for 30 to 60 minutes of sex is a retarded ejaculator. There can be medical reasons for this, or it might be a result of worrying excessively about sexual performance. Either way, if your partner isn't happy with the status quo, then you do need to speed up a bit — or at least vary things. Try practising when you're on your own. If you find you just can't speed up, consult a GP.

Blown libido

I don't know what to do. I've suspected for some time that my husband was having an affair. We've been married for a year. Three months ago he started a new job, and since then has lost interest in sex. He always says he's too tired, or stressed out. When we do have sex, it's a quick screw and then he's off to sleep. I've tried all sorts of things to get him interested again — romantic dinners, alcohol, even sexy lingerie, but it doesn't help. He says he loves me and please to be patient. But I don't see how he can be that tired all the time, unless he's seeing some-one else.

Why should he be seeing some-one else? Tiredness and stress are the number one killers of desire, and if you're shagged out after a shitty day at work, there's no amount of wine or food going to make you un-tired again. Have you any real reason not to trust him? At any rate, you need to sit down and have a serious talk with him because as things stand, his job is having an adverse effect on your marriage. And if

you a "proper" time span — for intercourse or blow jobs. But if your partner and you regularly get tired, dry and sore waiting for you to come, or if you don't come at all, then you may be suffering from retarded ejaculation. This is a condition which has received far less limelight than premature ejaculation, simply because it is perceived to be a good thing if a man holds out for a long time. Generally, experts say, a man who regularly doesn't come for 30 to 60 minutes of sex is a retarded ejaculator. There can be medical reasons for this, or it might be a result of worrying excessively about sexual performance. Either way, if your partner isn't happy with the status quo, then you do need to speed up a bit — or at least vary things. Try practising when you're on your own. If you find you just can't speed up, consult a GP.

G-what?

Does every woman have a G-spot? How can I find it?

I'm not sure if any woman has a G-spot. When the G-spot book was published we were all eager to believe that every woman has a magic button somewhere that when correctly pressed leads to orgasms. Then the sex experts dumped on the theory. It looks as though there is no G-spot, only a good idea for a big-bucks book. However, if you're a true believer, don't give up your quest — pretend you are diving for the lost city of Atlantis. Lead with your tongue — G-spot or not, orgasms will most likely follow regardless.

Stalling out

When I make love with my girlfriend she often wants me to slow down or stop so she can delay her orgasm. We have sex almost every night and this delaying tactic is starting to bother me. I find it frustrating to continually have to pause. What can I do about it?

I don't blame you! When partners decide to tease each other to intensify orgasm, that's one thing. But an overemphasis on delaying tactics is interfering with your sexual pleasure. I suggest a compromise; go down on her and use the delaying tactic until she is desperate for an orgasm. But when you have sex together, have it together. She shouldn't use your dick as a dildo.

Feet, beautiful feet...

I like to kiss and fondle feet. Bobby socks or anklets and high heels turn me on. When I have sex, I often like to lavish attention on my girlfriend's feet. Is this weird? Am I a foot fetishist?

the body. Just because you like feet rather than making a bee-line, say, for breasts, doesn't mean you're weird.

Hand jive

My wife has no trouble reaching orgasm through masturbation or oral sex. But she can't come during intercourse unless she stimulates herself with her own hand. She can't come by my hand at all, even though I do everything she tells me to. I don't understand why. She gets hotter and hotter, then rolls on her side so I can't watch while she furiously finishes herself off. What can I do to make her come?

Back off and let her do it her own way. If you're having intercourse and she's able to attend to herself so that she comes with you, what's wrong with that? Lots of women don't respond well to male fingers on the clit — especially if they're accustomed to tongues. Clits are so sensitive that rough or hard skin, a nail in the wrong place or simply too much pressure can spoil things. What you risk, in demanding



Can you have enjoyable sex without going down on her feet? If you can't, then a fetish it is. If you concentrate on her feet and ignore everything else about her, she might become puzzled. But there's nothing weird about including feet in your sexual activity. Most women would never object to a foot massage, whether oral or manual. Unless, of course, they are very ticklish on their feet, and it drives them nuts, in which case you'd have to take it easy. All sorts of people are turned on by different areas of

control of all her orgasms, is to turn her off orgasms altogether. Relax. Pay a little attention to your own pleasure and stop pressuring her about hers.

Down and out

My boyfriend likes me to give him head and to swallow his come. I don't come unless he goes down. He'll go down before intercourse, but then it takes me ages and sometimes he gets bored and loses his erection and complains that I'm slow. But

he won't go down on me after we've had intercourse and he's come, which is when I'm hottest. Doesn't like the taste, he says. If only he would, I'd come like a rocket and not take so long. Is this fair?

No. But you'd be surprised how many men are squeamish about going down after they've come, or are too lazy to go down after they've come — but who want you to give them head, swallow their come, lick them back to hardness after they've come. . . Give him some of his own medicine. Next time you give him a blow job, stop just before he comes. Tell him you don't like the taste. Stick to that routine until he gets the message.

Neglected balls

Why do women ignore balls? I like having my balls handled during sex, but no woman has ever really given them the attention they deserve. Why can't women understand that a cock and balls are a three-piece set?

Don't blame women! Men have always made such a fuss of their dicks that the rest of the apparatus has been eclipsed. In the annals of erotic literature, balls are a neglected body part. They are also known to be sensitive, and women aren't necessarily aware of just how much handling balls can take, so are therefore likely to navigate warily. Anyway, although you like your balls to be handled, some people don't. Different strokes and all that. Stop making a fuss and tell your partner/s what you like. No doubt, confronted with such deserving balls, they'll be delighted to oblige.

Heavy heaven

Not long after we were married, my wife put on a couple of stone. Contrary to my own expectations, I discovered that I liked her like that — it turned me on. But she won't believe me about this. She's always messing around with diets which make her irritable and hungry. And she's getting thinner. And the thinner she gets, the less I like it. What do I do?

Not sure, actually. Women have been so conditioned to believe that the only sexy body is a taut, slim one that if you tell a woman otherwise she's bound to doubt your sincerity. All I can suggest is that you lead her into temptation at every opportunity, and make sure she knows why.

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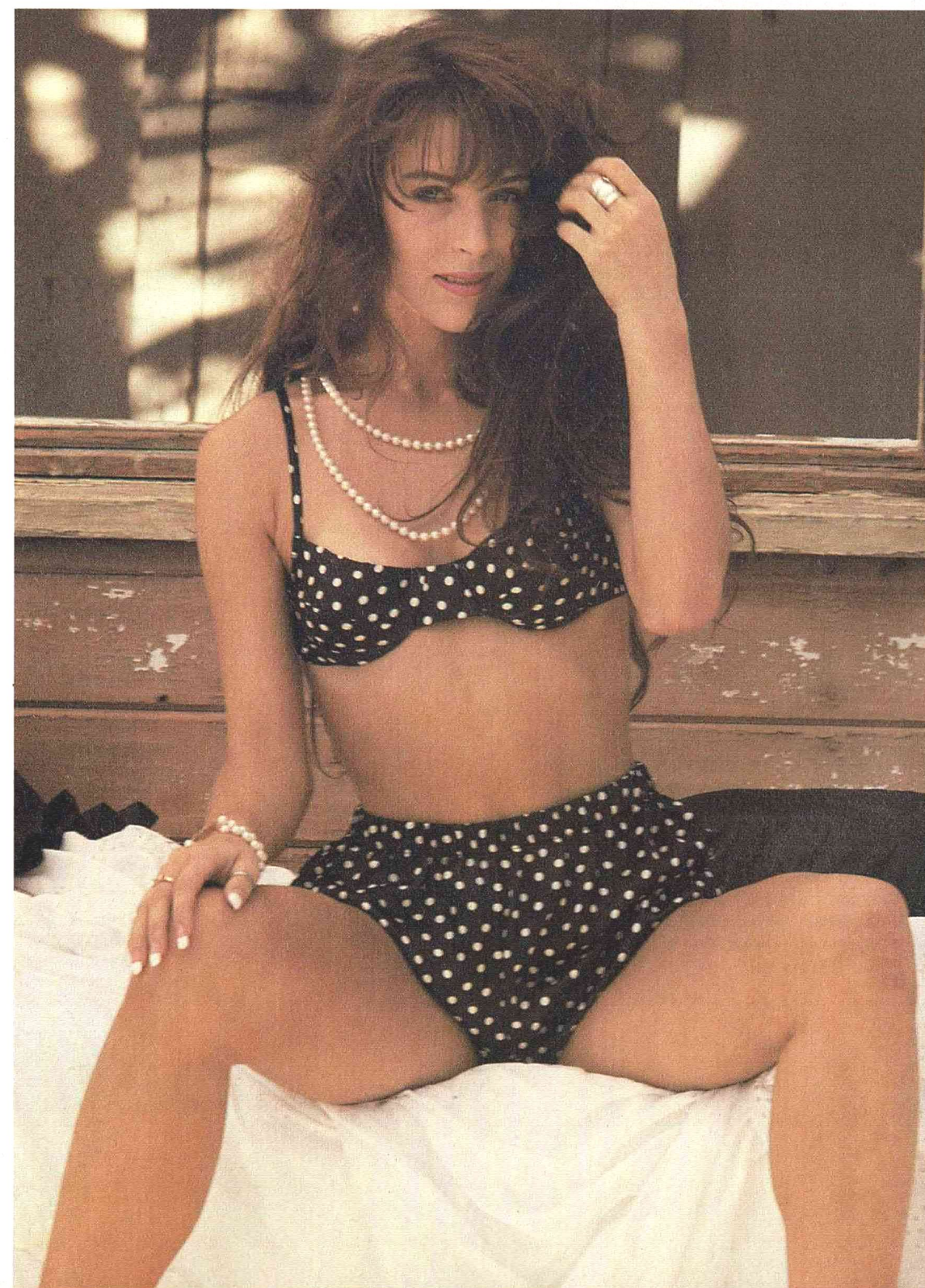
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**STAGE
BY
STAGE**

"I'm a bit of a party girl when I'm at home," says Salem Sands, 22, a senior drama student with high hopes of a great stage career. At the moment she's studying Chekov and saving up to attend this year's Edinburgh Festival in Scotland.



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Salem confesses that she enjoys a good rage at any time of the year. And men? "Oh, yes please, lots of them," she grins. "Seriously, though, I enjoy men who are strong willed, self-confident and very sexy. Money? Oh, who cares about money when love is in the air?"





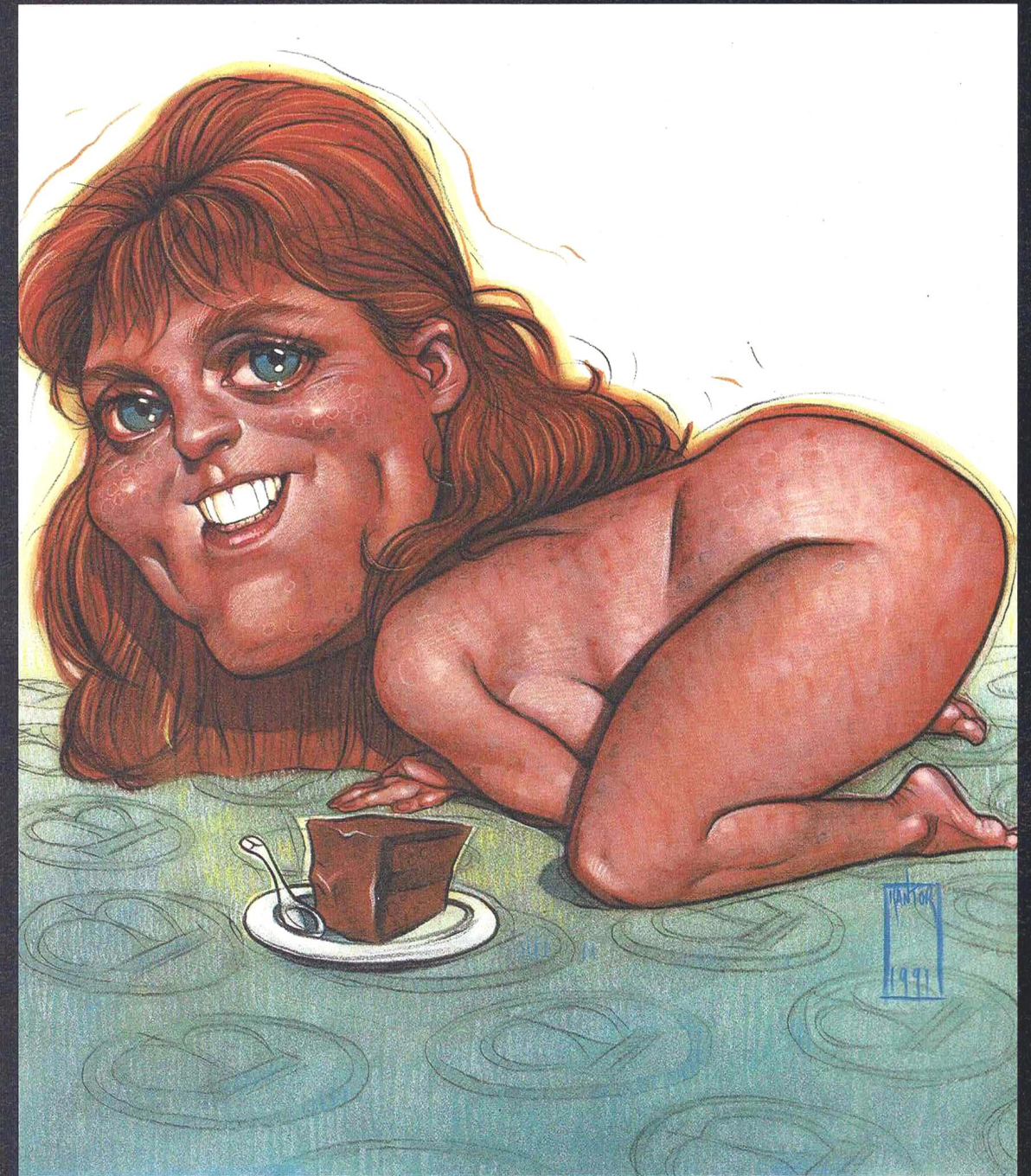
Salem does the odd spot of modelling, but doesn't want it to supersede her acting. "In acting, I like to be the conduit, the medium, between the visionary germination of the playwright and the abstract receptivity of the audience." Come again? "Just teasing," she says. "Just having a little dramatic fun."







KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Fergie



Rock star Jim Morrison's wild odyssey of self-destruction ended on July 3, 1971. Only now are the true circumstances of his death being explored.

the end

Jim Morrison's death was kept so quiet that it took two days for rumors of the event to reach his manager, Bill Siddons, in Los Angeles. When the phone woke him and he got the word from London, he almost laughed. Reports of Morrison's death were as common as UFO sightings. He rolled over in bed, but a worrisome impulse prompted him to call Paris, where his star had been in self-imposed exile for months. Morrison's girlfriend told him to fly over immediately. Meantime, the public was beginning to get the news through unsubstantiated reports originating from an announcement made by a DJ in a Paris discotheque. Almost a week later, on July 10, 1971, a prepared statement was released by Siddons through a Los Angeles public relations firm. It read: "I have just

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

the end

returned from Paris, where I attended the funeral of Jim Morrison. Jim was buried in a simple ceremony, with only a few close friends present. The initial news of his death and funeral was kept quiet because those of us who knew him intimately and loved him as a person wanted to avoid all the notoriety and circus-like atmosphere that surrounded the deaths of such other rock personalities as Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix."

Actually, there was no "circus-like atmosphere" surrounding the deaths of Joplin and Hendrix. There was shock and horror, grief and curiosity. The "notoriety" that enveloped these deaths was something else: it was engendered by their common cause — drug abuse. But if 27-year-old Jim Morrison died as the press release asserted, "peacefully of natural causes with his wife, Pam", after seeing a doctor about a "respiratory problem", why should anyone have feared notoriety?

Remarkably, nearly 20 years later, with Jim Morrison enjoying one of those electric resurrections that have become characteristic of dead rock stars, with his albums selling better than ever, with his legend being told and retold in new books and articles and his myth about to be enshrined in a major film by Oliver Stone, we have yet to hear a convincing account of how he died. Virtually everyone who was privy to the details of Morrison's death is alive and free to talk, but they don't talk — and won't talk.

"I promised I wouldn't say anything for 20 years," explains Sam Bernett, former manager of the Rock And Roll Circus, the only big rock club in Paris in the early Seventies and Morrison's principal hang-out.

Bennett recalls that Morrison came in every night: "He was always high or drunk, in an abnormal state." Because he was now fat and looked 40, few people recognized him. One night he got rowdy and the bouncers, not knowing who he was, threw him out into an alley. Another night Morrison tried to mount the stage but was too drunk to perform. Toward the end, he spent most of his time in the men's room, where the principal activity was scoring drugs.

Morrison had made few friends in Paris, comporting himself like a loner, which makes it hard to reconstruct what went on during his last night alive. According to the only full-length biography, *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, by Jerry Hopkins (the original author) and Danny Sugarman (who came in after the book had been rejected many times and got it published), he spent the early part of the evening of Friday, July 2 having supper on the terrace of a restaurant near his apartment with Pamela Courson, his companion of five years — a pretty, freckled, innocent-looking girl from

Orange County with a bad heroin habit. They were accompanied by an old friend, Alan Ronay, a Paris-born film technician who lives in Los Angeles but was staying at the time with two well-known French film-makers, Jacques Demy and his wife, Agnes Varda. After dinner Morrison went off alone to see a film that Ronay had recommended, Raoul Walsh's 1947 picture, *Pursued*, a film noir treatment of the traditional Hollywood Western, starring Robert Mitchum.

What happened after supper is left hopelessly uncertain in the biography, which trails off amidst a mass of rumors and cock-eyed speculations that include murder at the hands of some shadowy group determined to stamp out the counter-culture, and the wackiest notion of all — that Jim Morrison staged his death in order to slip out of the limelight forever.

What Hopkins calls the "official version" is evidently the story that Pam told in later

Morrison had
been waiting during
the days that preceded
his demise for a delivery
of heroin from
Marseilles

years. According to this account, she and Jim were in their flat late that night when he vomited a little blood. She was not unduly concerned because this had happened before without ill consequences. When he announced that he was going to take a bath, she went to sleep. At five in the morning, she awoke and found him in the tub, "his arms resting on the porcelain sides, his head back, his long, wet hair matted against the rim, a boyish smile across his clean-shaven face. At first Pamela thought he was playing one of his macabre jokes, but then she called the fire department's resuscitation unit."

Actually, Jerry Hopkins possessed a far different and more interesting account to which he merely alludes. This reconstruction was the work of Herve Muller, a French pop journalist who spent some time with Morrison in the last months of his life and actually phoned his apartment on the morning of his death, only to be told by Alan Ronay that the couple had gone out of town for the weekend. Subsequently Muller published a book about Morrison, but he refrained from going into the details of his hero's death. Not until March of last

year did his findings appear, in a French magazine, *Globe*.

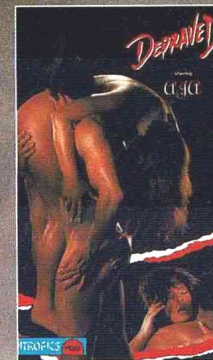
According to Muller, Morrison had been waiting during the days that preceded his demise for a delivery of heroin from Marseilles (the headquarters of the "French Connection", i.e. the Corsican Mafia). Jim had bankrolled this buy, which was costly but justified by the fact that the dealer, whose *nom de dope* was "Le Chinois" ("The Chinaman"), dealt only in the purest China White (highly refined heroin from Hong Kong). After the usual delays — accompanied doubtless by a lot of excuses from the connection's bag dealers in Paris and a lot of paranoia in the Morrison household — word came through that the smack could be picked up at the usual place, the men's toilet at the Rock And Roll Circus.

Muller says that Jim went to the club, perhaps with Pam, and received the bag from a small-time dealer whose street name was "Le Petit Robert." He warned Jim as he handed over the smack: "This is very strong stuff." Jim promptly took a taste and collapsed in a coma. A couple of "friends of Pam", perhaps two of the club's husky bouncers, hauled Morrison out of the toilet (located upstairs on the ground floor in a quiet area) and through an adjacent fire exit that led into the kitchen of a glitzy transvestite cabaret, the Alcazar, which had shut down for the night. They carried him out of this club's entrance, which was on the opposite side of the block at 62 rue Mazarine. Here they put him into a car and carried him back to his apartment, where they immersed him in a tub of cold water to revive him.

Muller concedes when pressed that he is not totally persuaded of the accuracy of his account because his sources were shadowy junkies and small-time dealers with no reputation for honesty. Yet his story contains nothing inherently implausible. Morrison often bought heroin for Pam. Michel Auder, former husband of Viva, the Andy Warhol "superstar", recalls encountering Jim on more than one occasion at the rooms of a heroin dealer in the Chelsea Hotel. The American disc jockey Cameron Watson recollects that a couple of weeks before Jim's death, he observed him sitting on the terrace of the Café de Flor with a photographer, who got up and approached Watson, whispering: "Jim Morrison wants to buy some smack. Do you know where he can get some?"

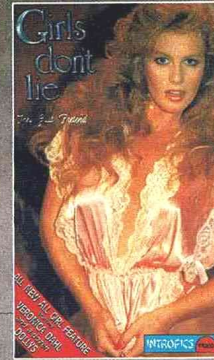
That Morrison himself would take a hit of something he had been warned against is perfectly in character. He would not have injected the drug, because he had a dread of needles. He would have sniffed it. And a couple of good snorts could have killed him, because non-users lack the protective tolerance of the habitual junkie. Though Muller's tale is not well-founded, it could be true, because it is true to "the life."

Some will say that it doesn't matter how



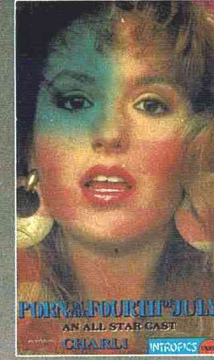
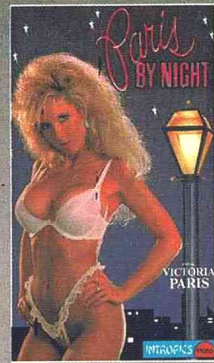
DEPRAVED
For her birthday Stephanie gets the most erotic gift a girl can receive. White girl. Black friends. Gold card. Deproved.

CAMERA SHY
This is her first time out. Take a deep breath and don't get Camera Shy.



GIRLS DON'T LIE
It's all new. It's all raw. It's all about doing what they do best. Stars Veronica Dahl, Tina Gordon and Rachel Ryan.

PARIS BY NIGHT
Victoria Paris and Randy Spears are caught up in a whirlwind of Hollywood agents and directors. So light the spotlight and turn on to Paris By Night.



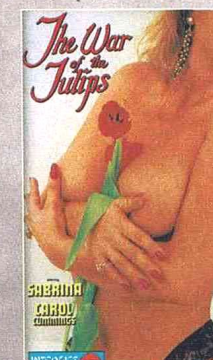
PORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY
Hotter than a firecracker, Charli explodes with a display of passion that could only be Porn on the Fourth Of July.



INTROPICS

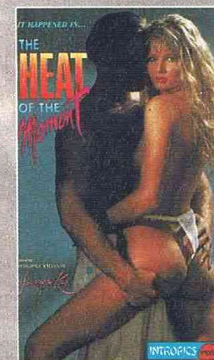
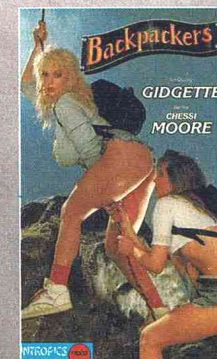
VIDEO

WE HAVE SOMETHING WONDERFUL FOR YOU.



THE WAR OF THE TULIPS
Intimate enemies fraternize, seduce and betray. Starring Sabrina and Carol Cummings.

BACKPACKERS
Crissy and her friends take an excursion into nature and wind up exploring their deepest desires. Stars Gidgette and Chess Moore.

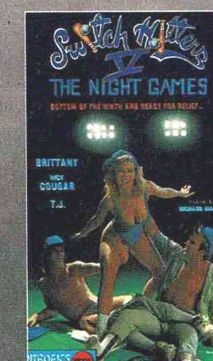


HEAT OF THE MOMENT
Phil's life was dark. Then along came Sunny. The doll from down under strikes again. Starring Sunny Mckay.

A TOUCH OF GOLD
Sunny McKay has the timeless Touch Of Gold, and puts it to good use. Also features Isha and Michelle Monroe.

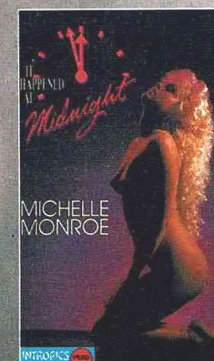
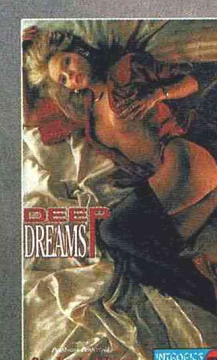


WEEKEND BLUES
Another Saturday night. Tabitha, Fallon and Rene are ready to party. But where are the guys?



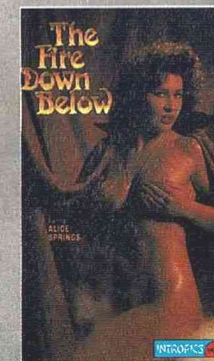
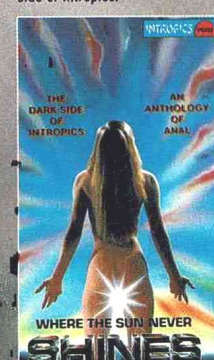
SWITCH HITTERS V
The series continues and the action heats up with the night games. Stars Brittany, Nick Cougar and T.J.

DEEP DREAMS
Stephanie Adams comes face to face with a sexual freedom she must learn to control, or else...



IT HAPPENED AT MIDNIGHT
Michelle Monroe finds a radical approach to curing troubled sex lives. With Stacy Bell and Kimberly Kane.

WHERE THE SUN NEVER SHINES
Christina, Brittany, Tony and Scott approach their lovemaking from the back-end first. The dark side of Intropics.



THE FIRE DOWN BELOW
The Devil takes a working holiday in L.A. and Alice Springs life will never be the same. Also starring Bridgette Monroe and Marilyn Rose.

The Mature
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the end

Morrison died — it only matters how he lived. But this distinction collapses once you comprehend how his life and art were alike the products of his compulsive dialogue with death. His muse — the dark spirit that inspired his song-writing and his distinctive style on and off the stage — was Thanatos. From the beginning to the end of his brief career, Morrison wrote about death, talked about death, sang about death and enacted death on stage. His masterpiece, that weird shamanistic spirit-voyage titled "The End", is entirely about death and its associations in his mind: patricide, maternal incest, drugs, love, and the end of the world. Death breathes through the spooky music of The Doors, making it a rock 'n' roll *Todten-tanz*. Morrison's public was also well attuned to his message and quick to respond in kind. Almost every week during his heyday, he was reported blind, dead of an overdose, killed in a car crash, locked up in a lunatic asylum, or in hospital with both legs amputated. On March 7, 1968, at the peak of his fame and more than three years prematurely, the UPI flashed across its wire: "JIM MORRISON DEAD — MORE LATER."

The Doors' first album was their best, the next one not as good. The third was poor. After just two years at the top —

1967 and 1968 — Jim Morrison went into an appalling decline. He became fat and gross. He was continually drunk and violent and abusive. His drinking companions were trouble-makers (like the late Tom Baker, a B-movie actor), the sort who love to egg on a star to make a fool of himself — the Harry Nilsson-John Lennon syndrome. Jim got into so many embarrassing scrapes and behaved so badly that even the tragically outrageous Janis Joplin referred to him as "that asshole."

The irony of his fate lay in its peculiar logic. Originally, Morrison envisioned himself as the Dionysus of Nietzsche: "The frenzy which circles . . . round conception and birth . . . ready to thrust forward into destruction and death." Brushing aside the fashionable rhetoric of the Flower Children and the Love Generation, he demanded a primitive confrontation with danger because only by facing death and defying death could he "break on through" and experience ecstasy. Like a man playing Russian roulette, he couldn't spot a railing outside a hotel suite without climbing out of the window and hanging in mid-air. He couldn't watch any forbidden, and life-threatening, substance going around without taking it — all of it. He couldn't deny himself the pleasure of baiting cops, inciting riots or simply hurling himself like a sacrificial beast into the churning mobs that gathered to cannibalise him. To call Jim Morrison self-

destructive would be like calling Hamlet indecisive.

Instead of becoming the Dionysus of his favorite philosopher, however, Morrison became the cruel and narcissistic god of Euripides' *Bacchae*. Actually the cruelty had first manifested itself in childhood, but it grew apace with the power to inflict it, particularly upon women. He found countless ways of torturing the women who threw themselves at him, sometimes putting them through emotional torments and sometimes abusing them physically, even going so far on occasion as to take them at knife point, like a psychopathic rapist.

The beginning of the end for Jim Morrison came at a concert at Miami on March 1, 1969. By this time, he had become openly contemptuous of his youthful public, and was keen on forcing them to acknowledge what lay behind their voyeuristic frenzies. Having attended a performance by The Living Theater in which the actors removed their clothes as a symbol of protest, Morrison decided that he would give his audience what they really wanted. He would expose himself in public. (Actually, he had no intention of violating the law. He took the precaution of donning boxer shorts that night instead of wearing nothing under his tight leather trousers.)

When Morrison started to unbuckle his pants onstage, a roadie leaped out and seized his belt from behind, forestalling the act, and for the next hour Morrison exhorted his audiences to get out of their seats and join him onstage where they would all rock it up together. Eventually, he got the kids going, and they wound up doing *en masse* what he had only planned to feign. Next day the cleaners found the arena piled high with abandoned clothing — and the local authorities were receiving the complaints that led to Morrison being tried and convicted of obscenity. The moment the indictment was announced, the band's bookings were cancelled.

Morrison, fed up with the whole business of being a superstar, decided to leave the country with Pamela Courson. His gallery of personal heroes had always included a goodly number of French authors. When it seemed wise to leave the States, where Morrison feared further arrests and even imprisonment, the natural place to go was Paris.

Pam found a spacious sublet at 17 rue de Beautreillis, near the Place des Vosges in the Marais, a quarter that retained all the old charm of Paris. Jim enjoyed his new environment at first, but the change in scene produced no improvement in his now unalterable lifestyle. Always drunk, he would wander about the city, taking up with whatever company offered, providing they spoke English. Sometimes he would wake in a strange bed among strange faces, just

Continued on page 84



Every morning, the Hunchback of Notre Dame would examine his lump for suspicious breasts.

"In my next life," says ice-cool 18-year-old Jolyn Childs, "I'm going to be a beautiful, valuable Blue Russian domestic cat. Have you seen what cats do? They lie about being pampered, while we humans rush about supplying cat food and opening and closing doors on demand."

RUSSIAN BLUE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS





"Well," says Jolyn, who works as a secretary but wishes she didn't have to work at all, "that's what I want to be like. I don't want to have to worry about paying bills or catching trains. I want to be a beautiful, hidden creature looked after by an adoring man."





Jolyn swears she wouldn't be at all bored by such a life. "Give me enough money to go shopping — I mean, *really* go shopping — and how could I ever be bored? Or to go travelling, or simply to live in an exquisite house and make love. What more could you want? Like a cat, I'm easily satisfied."





Gérard Depardieu is a lumpy and unlikely sex symbol who can kiss the girls and make them cry. Now he's riding an Australian ticket to American stardom.

the frog prince

In a tough little French movie called *Loulou*, made in 1979, freckle-faced Isabelle Huppert went slumming in a Paris dance hall and met a monosyllabic thug with the improbable nickname "Loulou." It was lust at first sight, and they sloped off to a hotel together. Weeks later, she surfaced long enough for her husband to ask what she saw in him. Eyes like cigarette burns in a pair of leopard-skin knickers, Huppert rasped with weary gratification: "*Il n'arrete pas*" — "He never stops."

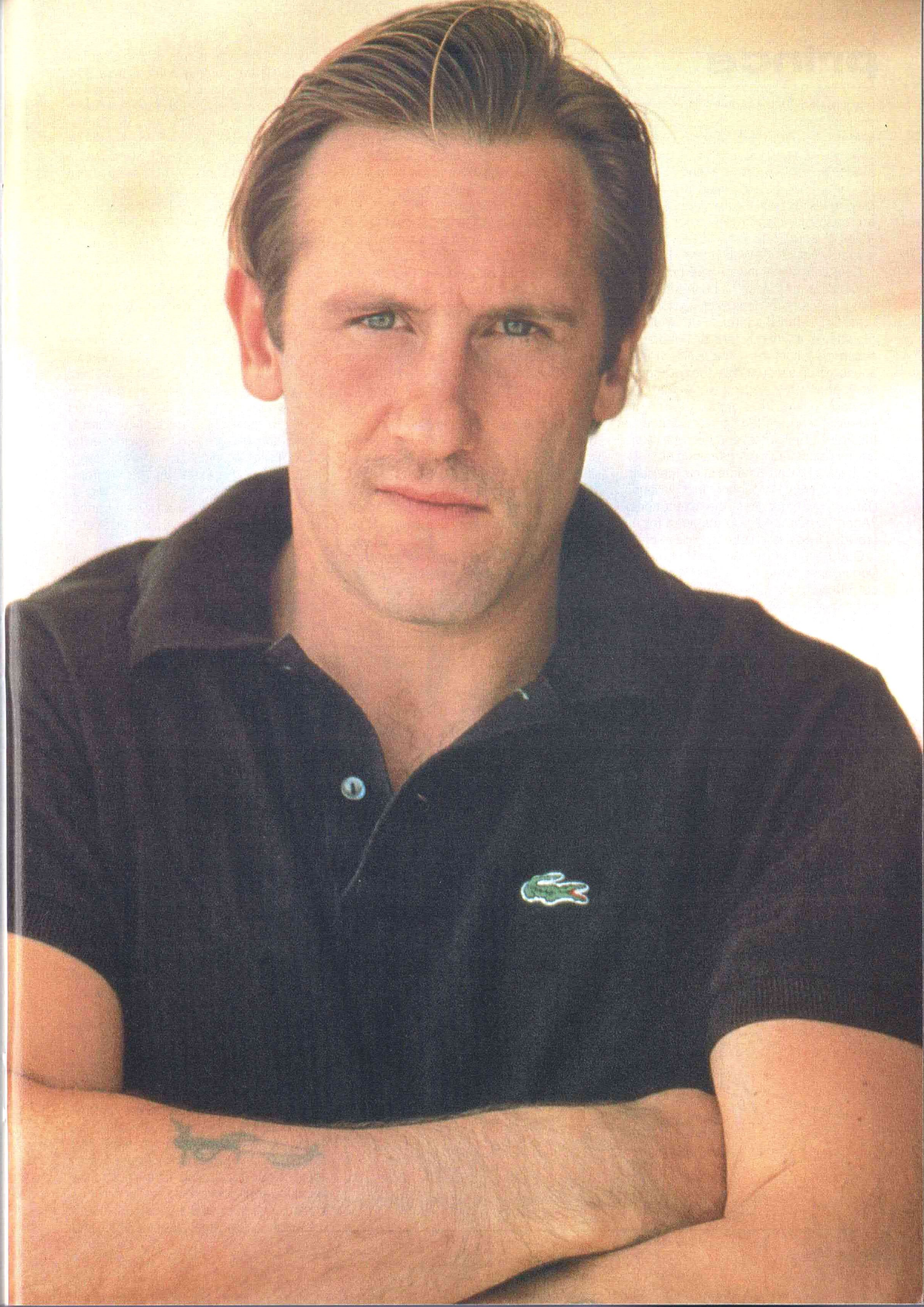
Loulou is played by a 30-year-old actor with the body of a brickie, a head too small for his shoulders, a nose like a potato, a knife-and-fork haircut and the bland ploughboy face of a pig-pusher from Dubbo down for the Show. His name is Gérard Marcel Xavier Depardieu — and Huppert was right. He never stops.

While his contemporaries Sylvester Stallone and Arnold Schwarzenegger (all three are the same age) make a film maybe every two years, Gérard Depardieu, now Europe's top box office star and international cinema's favorite Frenchman, makes six. And none of your cameos either. Since 1971, the meaty Gaul (180 cm, and anything from 76 to 116 kilos) has racked up more than 60 starring performances, many so taxing they'd put any of Hollywood's hot-house heroes in the ground.

Last year he had a hit in *Too Beautiful For You*, playing a car dealer who, though married to the luscious but frosty Carole Bouquet (current "face" of the Chanel No 5 perfume ads), falls for his motherly secretary. He also gave an extraordinarily physical performance as sculptor Auguste Rodin opposite Isabelle Adjani in the Oscar-winning *Camille Claudel*. This year, his version of *Cyrano De Bergerac*, in which he plays the 17th Century poet and swordsman with the enormous nose and the even bigger ego,

BY JOHN BAXTER

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY
AUSTRAL INTERNATIONAL



prince

has just passed the mark of a million seats sold in France — something French films seldom achieve. He's opening soon in *Uranus* as a provincial bar owner caught in a post-war collaboration scandal. And on top of all this, he's crossed the Atlantic, playing his first real English-language role, a French musician in New York, for Australian director (and, in this case, first-time screenwriter) Peter Weir in *Green Card*.

Could any writer invent a part this actor wouldn't try? It doesn't look like it. If anything, Depardieu goes looking for roles that flirt with disaster. For *Jean De Florette*, as a city-boy farmer swindled by scheming locals, he wore a hunch back and toiled up a mountain in the blazing sun week after week, hauling water to irrigate his failing farm. In *Danton*, playing the journalist who started out as a leader of the French Revolution and became its victim, he calculatedly over-strained his voice so that his final arguments at his trial came out as a croak. Mounting the guillotine, Danton even advises the executioner: "After I'm dead, hold up the head for the crowd. It'll be a good effect. Believe me."

Good — but grisly: that could be Depardieu's motto. In *The Last Woman*, he cut off his dick with an electric carving knife; he shot himself and lover Fanny Ardant in Francois Truffaut's *The Woman*

Next Door, and for Barbet Schroeder's *Maitresse*, he became the lover and assistant of dominatrix Bulle Ogier as she supervised recreational abuse among the French aristocracy — including, in one memorable scene, nailing a man's scrotum to a plank with drawing pins.

Typically, the American actors Depardieu admires (aside from such improbable mates as John Travolta) are Charles Laughton, Robert Mitchum and Burt Lancaster — performers who, like him, could take any film head-on and punch it into shape. Among French performers, his heroes are between-the-wars actors like tough-but-tender Jean Gabin, the movies' first Inspector Maigret, and comedians Raimu, Michel Simon, and Bourvil, specialists in a kind of Gallic *Dad And Dave* comedy. "They could play in any rubbish," Depardieu says admiringly. "It didn't matter."

Depardieu relishes challenges. Maybe this is why he takes on so many films which place him in sexually outrageous situations. If a numerical survey of bare bums in the cinema were ever compiled, he'd be sure of a spot in the top ten, beaten out perhaps only by Richard Gere, whose urge to drop his strides borders on the obsessive. Despite his weight, and (often) over-weight, directors enjoy putting Depardieu into sex scenes, and audiences show no signs yet of flagging interest.

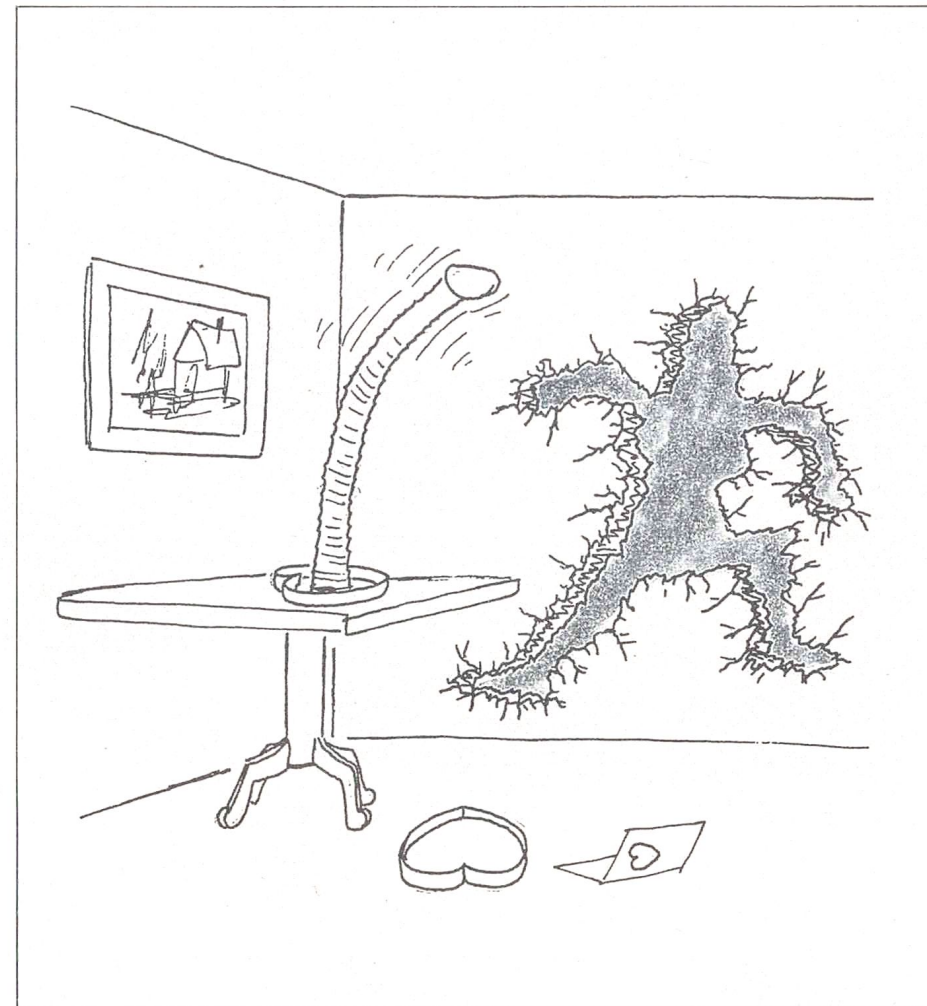
One of the high points of *Too Beautiful For You* is the confession by Carole Bouquet to a hushed dinner party of how she's just submitted to a knee-trembler with Depardieu in the parking garage. Yet the same Depardieu appears in *Tenue De Soiree* as a gay ex-convict helplessly in love with balding, moist-eyed (and straight) Michel Blanc. At the conclusion, both men have become hookers, cruising in full drag, fur coats, lipstick and all, on a corner of Paris's infamous Rue St Denis.

It takes confidence to carry off a film like *Tenue De Soiree*. (Who do you see in the Hollywood remake? Sly? Arnie?) Depardieu succeeds because he can flirt with sexual ambiguity, yet not cross the line into camp. "Acting is an entirely feminine profession," he says, and acknowledges his "feminine side." But gays don't idolise Depardieu like they do Clint Eastwood, the young Brando, James Dean. Because, with Depardieu, there's always something macho in reserve — the unexpressed warning: "It's only a performance, guys." He's like the rugby front-rower who puts on a dress and wig to clown around at the annual dinner dance. Slide your hand under that skirt and you'll draw back a bloody stump.

Away from the camera, Depardieu is almost as unconventional as his screen roles. Most French actors these days go for a benign public image. Alain Delon collects art. Philippe Noiret is a country farmer — tweeds, wellies, the lot. And you should see Jean-Paul Belmondo out with his current blonde popsy and two fluffy Yorkshire terriers. The 42-year-old Depardieu has a wife of 20 years, it's true, plus two kids, a house in the country and a hobby vineyard in Anjou. But he's anything but the fireside type. He's been involved in a few bizarre incidents during his career, some of them tinged with the violence of his films. He hovers along the dangerous edge, a wild man in chains. "I hate barriers," he says. "I hate laws."

Crude tattoos on his ham-like arms hint he's no stranger to the police. Depardieu doesn't try to hide his tough early life or his brief stretch in jail. If anything, he flaunts them. Born at the edge of the NATO air base at Chateauroux in 1948, son of a boozing illiterate and a hard-working, much-admired mother, he was out on the streets at eight and at 15 already dealing stolen Scotch and jeans. Then he bummed his way to Paris with a friend who happened to be an actor, and fell into acting classes as an alternative to crime.

Depardieu as a teenager could barely talk. Life on the road had ill-prepared him for anything but burglary and car theft. "I never had any education in affection," he says. "I never had time to learn the dangers of life. I remained in a state of savagery. I got into acting to try not to be taken for what I looked like — a hoodlum." In class, he met and married Elizabeth Depardieu, a few years older than him, and



"It's not what I expected, but I'm not complaining."

prince

still his wife. "Acting," says Depardieu, "saved me. Otherwise I would have become a killer."

A killer? Really? With actors, it's always hard to separate persona and performance. And Depardieu isn't much help. He'll portray himself one moment as a perennial victim, then at the next admit cheerfully that he's a tough bastard who can look after himself.

Sometimes he seems to forget which is which. In 1984, a *Time* cover profile reported: "He was strolling down a Lyon street when someone — police never discovered who — suddenly braked a blue Renault 16 to a halt, opened a door and unleashed a German shepherd on him. The dog bit Depardieu's arm, neck and face before the actor escaped. The incident obsesses him. 'It seems to underscore the real-life potential of all that I have portrayed on film.'"

Paris journalist Frederic Serfati found this hard to swallow. "What was this dog story?" he asked bluntly, and Depardieu told him, "I'd met a man, a sort of stool pigeon, who wanted me, after I left the theatre, to go with him to some prostitutes. Me, I was tired, I didn't want to — then he got angry and released his dog..." Which, knowing Depardieu, sounds more plausible.

There's more than a little masochism and self-pity both in Depardieu's films and what he has to say about himself. He'll tell anyone who'll listen that he must struggle constantly against low-esteem, that he's racked by a need for, want of, lack of, or inability to give or to receive love. "I'm a bloke who's maternal and lost," he moaned recently. He talks a lot about "this poor body, this envelope of flesh I drag about," as if being unable or unwilling to turn down rare steak or a good burgundy were indices of worthlessness.

Preparing for every part, Depardieu claims, he first visualises his character's death. Like Laughton and that other great gorilla of the cinema, Brando, Depardieu may need to see himself as both hero and victim. All three actors have done their best work in films that showed them mutilated, handicapped or spectacularly destroyed. Laughton, a closet gay and masochist who made his name in *The Hunchback Of Notre Dame*, so much enjoyed being kicked on to the set for a scene in Josef von Sternberg's *I, Claudius* that he kept blowing his lines, requiring the assistant director to boot him in the behind again and again. Brando made his reputation as the sobbing Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, was beaten almost to death in *On The Waterfront* and, for his only film as director, *One-Eyed Jacks*, offered cash bonuses to extras who gave convincing reactions when Karl

Malden flogged him with a bullwhip, then used a rifle butt to mash his hand.

Whatever the private rules are that fire Depardieu's performances, they work. He's as close to a guarantee of box-office success as one can find in the European cinema. "Jean-Paul Belmondo may still have a bigger draw within the French market," said Daniel Toscan du Plantier of distributor Unifrance. "But internationally, Depardieu reigns supreme. In the Fifties, France had the New Wave. Well, Depardieu... is his own new wave."

Without him, says du Plantier, *Danton* would have sold 300,000 seats. With him, it sold 1,300,000. Likewise *Cyrano De Bergerac*. It's France's third-largest grossing film of the last 12 months, beaten (but only just) by *Indiana Jones And The Last Crusade*. Second biggest (and set to overtake Spielberg's epic any time now) is Peter Weir's *Dead Poets Society*, so enormous a success in France that even its distributors are astonished.

Not surprisingly, Depardieu's debut with Weir in *Green Card* is eagerly awaited in France. The story of an emigré musician who marries an American girl to get US residency and then, when the Department of Immigration threatens an investigation, must breathe life into the marriage of convenience, suited Depardieu perfectly — as did its director/writer. "With Peter Weir," he says, "I have the impression of having discovered a brother. Like with Truffaut."

Green Card is a good career move for Depardieu, but he isn't expecting or even hoping to become a Hollywood leading man overnight. For one thing, he's agreed to play Othello, Macbeth and the medieval sadist Gilles de Rais on stage in Paris next season, which should keep him occupied until the end of 1991. For another, he speaks little English. He trained for *Green Card* mostly by consulting hearing expert Dr Alfred Tomatis, who gave him tapes of the sounds an Anglophone baby would hear in the womb. Depardieu shrugs off the problem. "Not having English is like not playing the piano." He has no plans to become more than conversationally competent. "One doesn't have to understand what one says," he told director Alain Resnais, who had him do some English dialogue for *I Want To Go Home*. "It's more convincing that way."

Then, too, he's one actor unlikely to endure American type-casting. But Peter Weir is famous for his work with performers who can see, in his phrase, "the horizon of their careers." *Witness* and *The Mosquito Coast* changed Harrison Ford from action hero to sensitive leading man, and *Dead Poets Society* radically altered perceptions of Robin Williams, no longer regarded as simply a manic stand-up comic. If Weir succeeds in turning Depardieu's French beef into American hamburger, the lost, maternal bruiser from Chateauroux will have some decisions to make. 



"Oral contraceptive is when you say 'No!'"

SAMANTHA

Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; aqua chiffon skirt and cream pearl bra by Rod Alexander (02) 958-6314; blue velvet lace-up top and gold fringe jacket by Letit Rock (02) 231-4640; blue sequin skirt by Symbols (02) 699-7465; red satin cape, rust gloves and earrings by Cash Palace (02) 360-1565; gold body suit, lacey lycra dress by Risk (02) 331-4276; blue velvet and cream and gold braided shawl from ABC Costume Hire (02) 950-4284. All suppliers in Sydney.

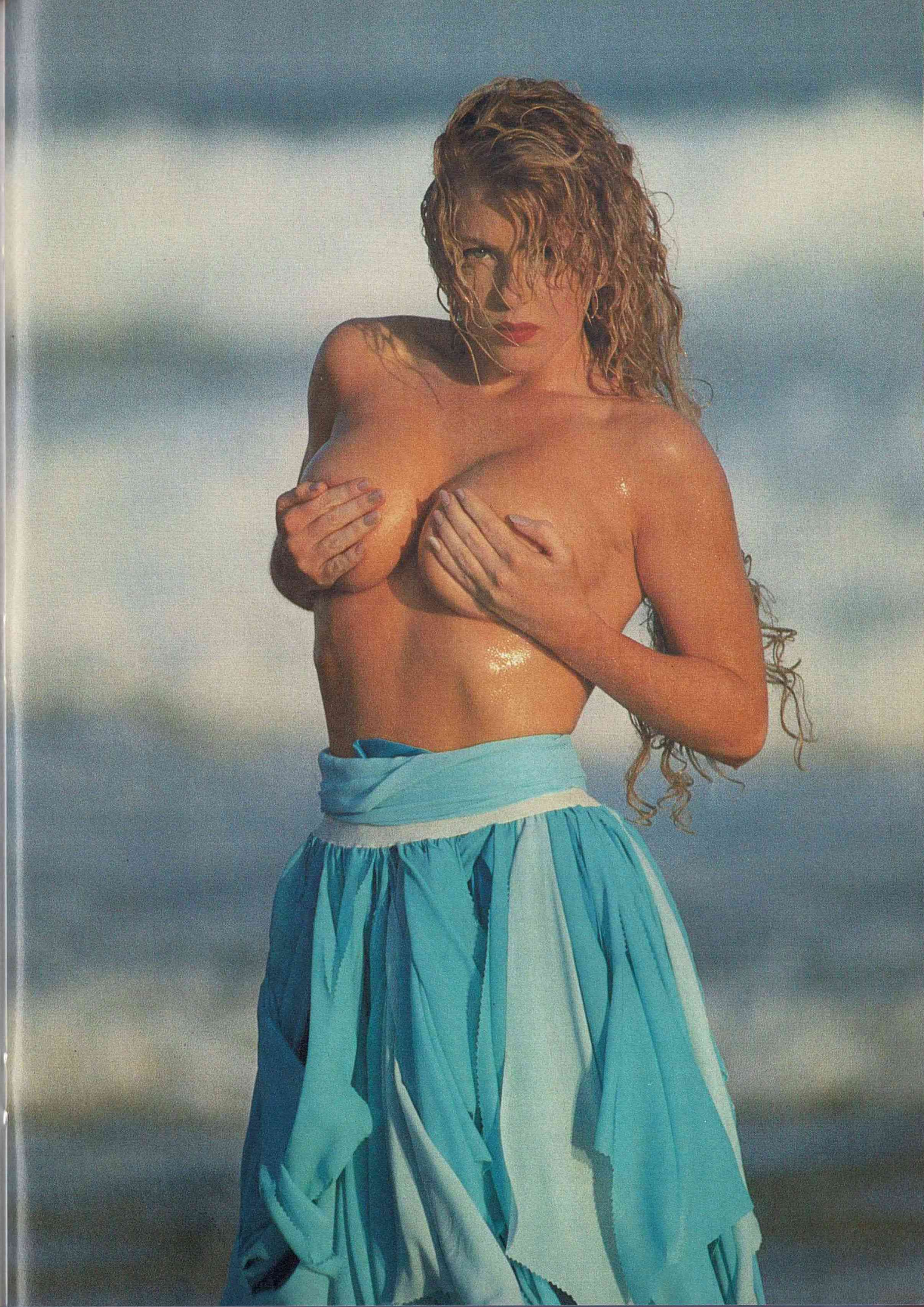


PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI

SMOKE ON THE WATER



Sensuous Samantha Dooley, 19, is a Sydney girl from head to toe. Born in the Big Smoke, she likes to take time out from dancing and modelling to get down to the water and relax. But it's not just the seaside that she enjoys — she loves Sydney's cosmopolitan nature, and the variety of people that live in the city.





Samantha, who measures 38-26-36 and who has a taste for seafood and Dom Perignon, plans to travel to Europe in a year or so, preferably to Paris and Italy. In the meantime, she's studying make-up artistry. "Whatever I do in the future, it'll be in the entertainment industry," she says. Because she often works at night, Samantha enjoys quiet evenings at home. Every so often, however, she likes to go out and let rip.





Samantha keeps fit by working out daily and dancing. And she likes clean-cut, fit, healthy men. A favorite fantasy, which she's yet to explore, involves riding a pure white horse along a deserted tropical beach, with the man of her dreams galloping alongside a black stallion. And the rest? "That's up to your imagination," she smiles.





Lip Service

BY GLENN A. BAKER

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

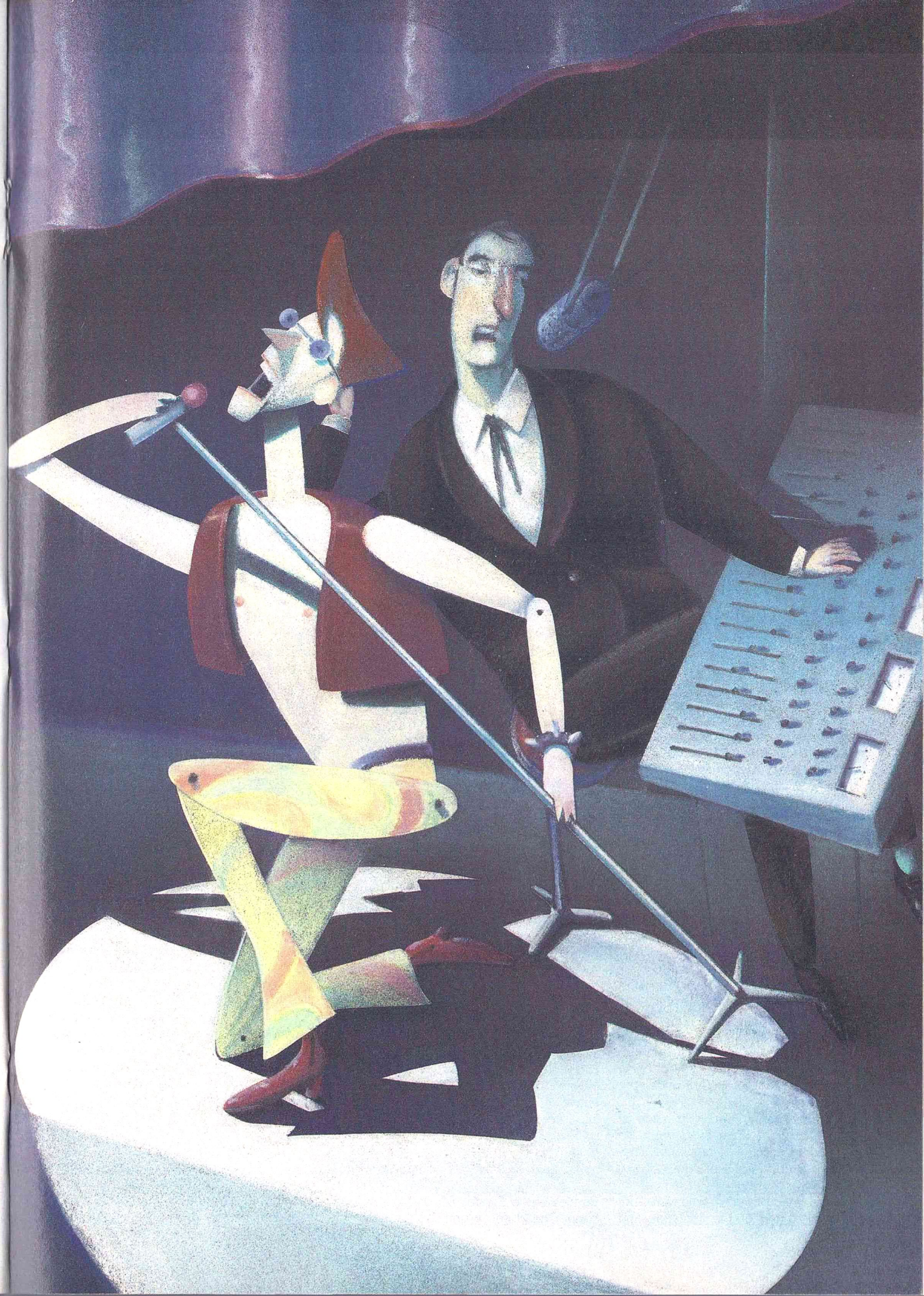
If it hadn't been for the Grammy award, Rob Pilatus and Fab Morvan, otherwise known as Milli Vanilli, might have gotten away with it. Popular music history is riddled with scams and subterfuge; nothing in pop is ever entirely what it seems. But to walk out on a stage, before millions of viewers, and deliver an acceptance speech claiming that their award was a tribute to all aspiring singers — and then to claim in a press conference that they were as musically significant as Bob Dylan — eventually took the artifice beyond acceptable limits and has left a nasty taste in the mouths of the seven million people who bought the debut Milli Vanilli album.

It wasn't that they were cheated; every purchaser received the music they had heard and liked on the radio and the video clips. Actually they felt more betrayed than gypped. As Dr David Rowe, a lecturer in media and cultural studies at the University of Newcastle, sees it, "The Milli Vanilli scandal reveals that pop fans maintain a 19th Century, Romantic view of 20th Century culture. They want to believe in a single, unique and creative artistic entity, and suppress knowledge of the producers, hired session singers and musicians central to much contemporary pop music. The marketing of pop stars encourages this personal fixation. Milli Vanilli should be condemned not so much for what they have done but for going along with the whole pretence to the last letter."

The Milli Vanilli scandal was only the latest in a long history of lucrative music business scams

Pilatus and Morvan may well be able to sing but they certainly aren't heard doing it on the record that bore their images. That particular work was sitting in a tape box before they walked into the office of Frank Farian, a German record producer who had launched Boney M in the mid-Seventies — a group which, if the truth be known, was initially just as bogus as Milli Vanilli. Farian alone created the first Boney M hit, "Baby Do The Bump", and only recruited the group that the world came to know after the song broke into the Dutch charts and required television promotion. The disco years were rife with similar practices by producers, such as Ritchie Rome, who assembled a bunch of beamers to front his studio creations (such as "The Best Disco In Town") and called them the Ritchie Family.

If Farian had chosen to allow his two new puppets to gradually take over vocal responsibilities, there's every chance that the public would have been none the wiser and the duo could



Lip Service

have enjoyed the sustained success of Boney M. However, by freely admitting the fraud, he fused strands of a mounting concern over the artificiality of contemporary music in general.

There was a time, as Bob Dylan has pointed out with some disdain, when an artist had to earn the right to make a record by building up a respectable reputation as a live performer. Now, by and large, an "artist" needs to be equipped with a pleasing visage and an ability to gaze seductively into the right camera during a video clip shoot. With the truly big money in pop now coming not necessarily from record sales but from turnover of merchandising items (T-shirts, posters, "authentic" magazines, videos, badges, concert programs, dolls and the like), the most essential component of all is a marketable image. Any shortcomings in the talent department can be smoothed away by a task force of specialists.

Chrissie Hynde, leader of major international rock act The Pretenders, recently admitted: "Nowadays you can take any singer in the world, or even a non-singer, put them in a studio and get a great vocal sound because producers can put down 80 takes, cut them together and get a perfect track. Perfection is obtainable — anyone can be perfect in a studio with all this technology." This is hardly a revelation. Back in the twee, senior prom, pompadour days between the death of original rock'n'roll and the rise of the Beatles, assembly-line labels in Philadelphia were using lashings of reverb, echo and other studio sugar-dusting to knock the weedy voices of Fabian, Frankie Avalon and their ilk into acceptable pabulum for the era's impressionable teens.

This glossing-over process is time-honored. Only the terminally naive would believe that the Bay City Rollers, Partridge Family, Village People, Osmonds and even the Jacksons actually played all the music on their records during the Seventies pop boom. There was simply no point in them doing so. The cult of the producer, which Phil Spector initiated in the early Sixties, had set certain early ground rules. For example, there definitely was a group called the Crystals and they did sing on most of their hits. However, the biggest of the hits credited to them, the number one "He's A Rebel", was actually performed by Darlene Love & The Blossoms. Spector thought it stood a better chance of being played on the radio if issued under the Crystals' name.

During the frantic British Invasion of 1963-66, top-flight session players like guitarist Jimmy Page (who would later form Led Zeppelin) were kept busy "saving" records by an endless stream of plumbers-turned-pop-stars who were suddenly yanked out of the Midlands and

thrust into a recording studio. They were even called upon to handle difficult licks on recordings by major acts, who to this day writhe and wriggle in embarrassment and consternation when the subject is raised. Page, who played on big hits by Them, the Who and the Kinks, recalls that his presence wasn't always welcome. "I was mainly called into sessions as insurance," he once explained. "There were times I wished I'd never been booked. Talk about daggers!" Even the Beatles had to endure this "insurance" attitude. The original British single release of their first hit, "Love Me Do", featured the playing of session drummer Andy White, new recruit Ringo Starr being deemed by producer George Martin too inexperienced to be trusted with the task.

The current Milli Vanilli scandal more closely echoes the scenario of Sixties sensations the Monkees, who became overnight pariahs when an immature pop and

6
Ticket buyers of the Nineties seem to want no more than a live juke box, pumping out faultless recreations of their records
9

fish'n'chips press made them the scapegoats for sins largely imagined. Signed as actors to portray a pop group in a television show, the Pre-Fab Four, as they came to be known, sang all the lead vocals but did not play any instruments on their first two albums. The pressures of turning out a relatively free-form weekly situation comedy gave them no time to become a cohesive rock group.

The only person this seemed to bother was Mike Nesmith, who, in a fit of pique, told the *Saturday Evening Post*: "The music has nothing to do with us. It is totally dishonest. The music happens in spite of the Monkees." This filtered through to London just as fellow Monkee Mickey Dolenz arrived on a promotional visit. Rushed from the airport to the Grosvenor House Hotel, bleary-eyed and needing a shave, he tumbled head-first into a well-laid trap. He guilelessly told the gathered press corps that, because of the pressures of filming schedules, they did not actually play the backings on their records. Mickey's words were translated by Jack Bentley of the *Sunday Mirror* into howling banner headlines which proclaimed: "A

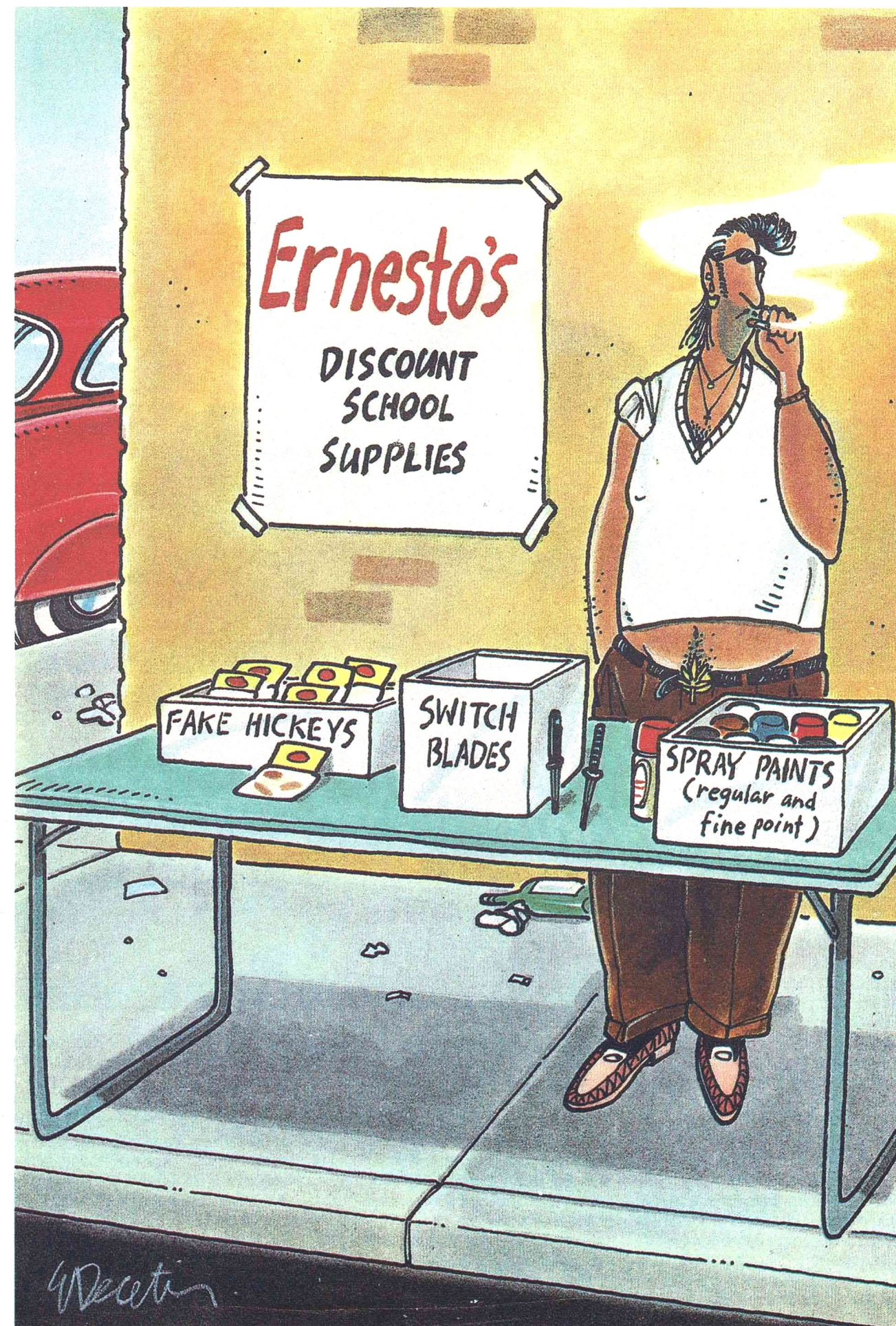
Disgrace To The Pop World! Here are a bunch of kids trading on other people's talents and cashing in on millions." They apologised, apologised again and spent the rest of their time as Monkees dutifully playing all their backings and trying to live down the shame.

If the hapless Monkees had been a bit better versed in rock history, they may have thought twice about the self-flagellation. Just a year before, fellow Los Angeles act The Byrds had stormed to number one internationally with a version of Bob Dylan's "Mr Tambourine Man." Of the five members, only one, vocalist Jim McGuinn, participated in the making of the record. The real work was done by such top-flight session men as Leon Russell, Glen Campbell and Hal Blaine — the same players musically responsible for the hits of the Mamas & The Papas, the Righteous Brothers, Simon & Garfunkel and most other tinsel-town heroes. Blaine is believed to be the actual drummer on most of the recordings issued under the name of Sandy Nelson after Nelson had lost part of his right leg in a 1963 motorcycle accident. Who, Imperial Records rightly reasoned, wanted to buy an album with Blaine's craggy face on the cover?

The Beach Boys' monumental *Pet Sounds* album, which Paul McCartney readily cites as the inspiration for the Beatles' *Sgt Pepper*, was presented to the group upon their return from a concert tour by producer Brian Wilson as a musically complete work awaiting their vocals. In any case, Dennis Wilson had not played drums on the band's hits for some years. One of their biggest hits, "Barbara Ann", did not even feature a Beach Boy on lead vocals — that being handled by Dean Torrence of Jan & Dean with fans and buyers being none the wiser.

Even before the Monkees storm broke, the American pop charts were playing host to a new sensation called the Grass Roots and their hit "Where Were You When I Needed You?" There was in fact no such group. The record was written, produced and performed by the young creative team of Steve Barri and P.F. Sloan, who, when they realised they had a hit on their hands, recruited an unknown act called the Thirteenth Floor to undertake public appearances as the Grass Roots and, eventually, play and sing on their records. The 1963 smash hit "Hey Little Cobra" by the Rip Chords had been created and promoted in the same manner.

It was nothing more than a commonplace Hollywood tradition, a functional "horses for courses" ethic. When Jayne Mansfield robustly sang "The Valley Of Love" in the 1958 film *The Sheriff Of Fractured Jaw*, it was actually a Connie Francis performance coming out of her carefully synchronised mouth. Robin Ward, who would eventually have her own pop hit with "Wonderful Summer", was the screen singing voice of various stars,



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including Natalie Wood and Janet Leigh. However, she was but a novice compared to the great Marni Nixon, who sang for Margaret O'Brien in *The Secret Garden*, Deborah Kerr in *The King & I*, Mitzi Gaynor in *South Pacific* and Audrey Hepburn in *My Fair Lady*. There is even a wonderful legend which suggests that Lauren Bacall's singing in *To Have And Have Not* was rendered by Andy Williams, though Bill Collins for one doesn't buy it.

What seems to have changed, largely, is the pains taken to cover such legitimate deceptions. Steps were taken by the film studios to ensure that Misses O'Brien, Kerr, Gaynor and Hepburn were not placed in the potentially embarrassing position of even being nominated for singing awards. What the public didn't know didn't hurt them and the machine merrily cranked on.

Now, consumer sensibilities are not so diligently protected. When teen queen Kylie Minogue first took to the concert stage, in Japan, she openly sang to prerecorded backing tracks — the sort of thing that hi-tech bands like ELO had been selectively (and secretly) doing for a decade. Madonna, on her recent global tour, relied so heavily and so obviously on lip syncing that the *San Diego Union* headed its review "Like A Concert." Jon Pareles pointed out in the *New York Times* that "much of the music, from rhythm tracks to lead vocals, is canned — at a rough guess more than half. Madonna has become so perfectionist and so athletic in her dancing that she would clearly rather lip-sync than risk a wrong note."

Of course, Madonna was miming to Madonna, which is more than can be said for Milli Vanilli, who have taken pop fraud into a whole new realm. Never before has a multi-platinum act been so completely manufactured for solely commercial reasons. Though it hasn't been for lack of trying. A few other similar scams have been nipped in the bud in the wake of Farian's puzzling public admission. A 1989 international dance hit, "Pump Up The Jam" by Technotronic, owed a large portion of its success to a seductive video clip showing a blue-lipped beauty called Felly "singing" the song. It has now been revealed that Felly was only a video image and that the vocals were actually performed by a character called Ya Kid K. Another powerful video, for the hit "Everybody, Everybody" by Black Box, displayed a captivating Italian model called Katrin Quintol, who claimed she learned to sing the English-language song phonetically. That seemed to hold up until California attorney Kenneth Graiwer filed a class action against Black Box and assorted record labels on behalf of Martha Walsh, formerly of the Weather Girls, who claims she was the singer on the track.

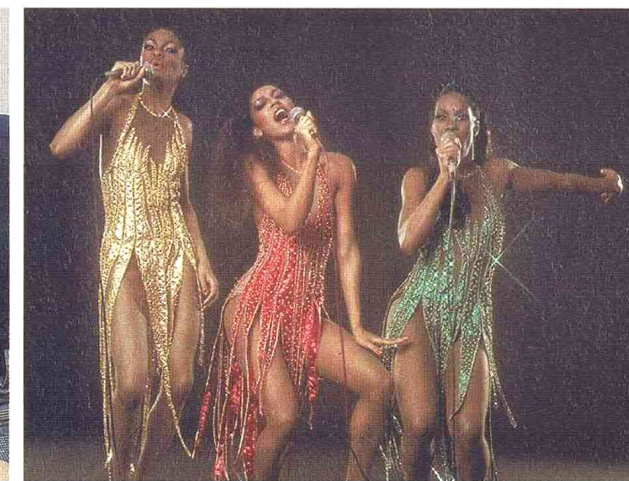
Such actions would have horrified studio svengalis like Phil Spector, who saw "stars" as largely incidental to his machinations, the lowest figures on the totem. Expediency has always been a more important consideration than scrupulous honesty. When soul singer Tammi Terrel was dying, duet singles by her and Marvin Gaye continued to be issued, with Valerie Simpson substituting behind the microphone. Brain tumor or not, it seemed bad business to Motown Records to let a proven chart name lay fallow. In any case, what did it really matter what was written on a record label, provided what was in the grooves clicked with the public?

Veteran country singer Vernon Dalhart, who sold six million discs of "The Wreck Of The Old '97" in 1924, released records under more than 150 pseudonyms. Around the same time, American bandleader Sam Lanin used more than 250 individual and group aliases for his recordings, while peer Ben Selvin came up with around a hundred and tenor Irving Kaufman used almost as many. Revered Australian baritone Peter Dawson, who sold around 25 million records, released at least a quarter of his output under such aliases as Frank Dandy, Will Strong and Victor Graham, among others.

This base was built upon when rock'n'roll arrived. Go and take a peek through your record collection and see if you have any releases by Bonnie Jo Mason, Eivets Rednow, Bill Parsons, Vance Arnold, Shorty Nadine, Del Ashley, Susan Melton, Bertell Dache, Andre L'Escargot and True Taylor. If you do, you actually have a recording by (respectively) Cher, Stevie Wonder, Bobby Bare, Joe Cocker, Nat King Cole, David Gates, Peggy Lee, Tony Orlando, Glenn Shorrock and Paul Simon.

With at least three-quarters of all touring rock acts now using some form of audio enhancement to more accurately represent sounds on record, and with drum machines and synthesizers enabling clever producers to create complete rock works in a studio without the aid of a band, pop fraud is not likely to go away. Paula Abdul, New Kids On The Block, Cher, Michael and Janet Jackson, Vanilla Ice, George Michael and Aerosmith have all been accused of using what one reviewer has labelled "high-tech crutches" in concert. To presume audience acquiescence in this practice is decidedly unwise. When Australia's MTV polled viewers on the question of whether the public should be advised if an artist is lip-syncing, 77 percent of the 30,000 respondents insisted they should.

Even before the Milli Vanilli duo was completely unmasked, the strange smell about them had spurred two New Jersey assemblymen to fashion a Bill requiring certain concert tickets to be imprinted with the consumer warning: "This concert may include in whole or part prerecorded



Clockwise from above: Milli Vanilli took artifice beyond acceptable limits; the Ritchie Family was a studio front; the Monkees didn't play their own backings; New Kids On The Block use high-tech crutches in concert, as does Cher.

lead vocals." That action, and another Bill in New York with provisions for \$50,000 fines for promoters and \$5000 fines for ticket sellers, was prompted in part by a legendary story concerning a Milli Vanilli show in America during which an equipment failure saw the two "singers" flee the stage in a panic and not return on time when all came right and their "vocals" began booming out of the sound system while the stage was empty. But, as David Was, from the "real" group Was (Not Was), told *Rolling Stone* magazine, "People aren't going to shows to be absorbed in musical values any more. They're going to be in the presence of a celebrity."

As the scandalously brief and bloodless "concert" performance of recent visitor Cher suggests, the public seems less and less interested in the impromptu nature of a concert set — one which sees an experienced band go with the flow each night and never deliver the same performance twice. Ticket buyers of the Nineties seem to want no more than a live juke box, pumping out faultless recreations of their records. Blissful ignorance reigns. "I wasn't surprised that lip-syncing occurred, but I was surprised that so many consumers didn't realise that it occurred," comments Massachusetts law-maker William Vernon. "The Milli Vanilli story took so many people by surprise that it seemed

to call for some action." Boston promoter Neil Jacobsen, in describing the rash of Bills as "a bunch of garbage", has demanded to know why law-makers want to protect the public from something that is not bothering them. "If people want to be entertained they're going to be entertained."

The legal moves to force the public to come to grips with the reality of pop subterfuge will probably fall on deaf ears. Fans of pop sensations don't want to be confused by details of producers and session singers or musicians. What they're interested in are the faces stencilled on their pillowcases or beaming down from bedroom wall posters. "People relate directly

to an artist," insists Elektra Records A & R Vice President Nancy Jeffries. "It creates a different type of fantasy, with a strong identification factor. People think they're learning about an artist when they hear one of their songs. It's different from film, where people understand that there's a certain amount of role-playing going on."

The most bizarre aspect of the furore that has erupted over Farian's disclosures is the demand for refunds by American buyers of the Milli Vanilli album. While they might not have got Pilatus and Morvan, they did get the music they wanted. So, as defenders of the musical ruse that epitomises pop in the Nineties ask plaintively, who has really been cheated? 

ROLLING THUNDER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLENN BRADLEY

It was one of those sudden encounters that take place when nobody's looking and everybody's drunk. Charlene had been eyeing Robert, the garage attendant at work, for several months, so at the staff footie party she made her move. They ended up back at her place.

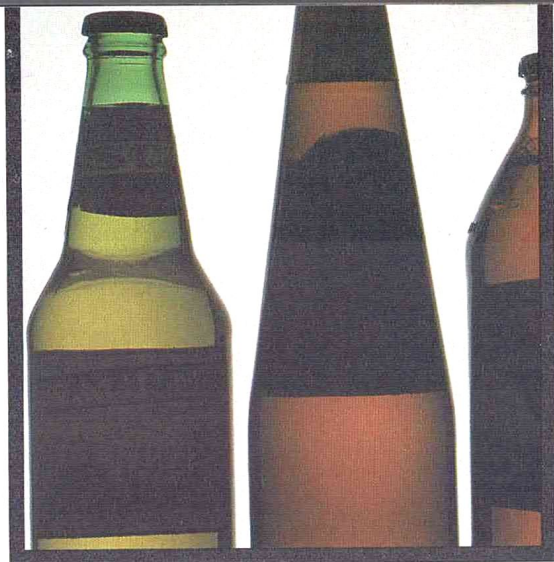






Fuelled with plenty of Margaritas and VB, the two found they were revved up and ready to roll. When Robert breathed that he was driven quite wild by bare bumper bars, Charlene was more than happy to oblige. She knew that Robert's hot-rod handling was going to give her something to think about for weeks ahead.





THE A-Z OF AMBER FLUID

**A man can never know *too* much
about the chilled article**

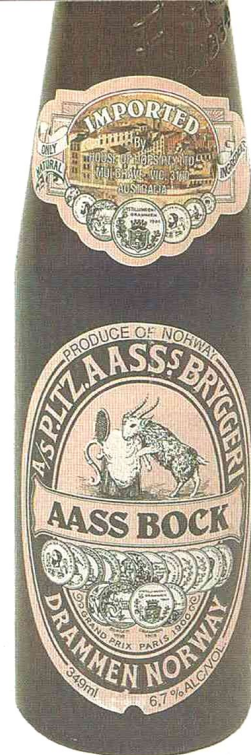
BY WILLIE SIMPSON*

Australians spend more time pontificating about beer than any other subject (with the possible exception of sex). Let's face it: booze, and most particularly the amber fluid variety, is our national obsession. And the more we drink of it, the more we rave on about it — because, although we despise the pretentiousness of wine wankers, we know there's no such thing as a beer wanker; there is only the beer connoisseur, the man who understands our nation's liquid heritage.

Trouble is, too many people talk bullshit about beer because once they've

downed the odd one or two they feel compelled to join in the traditional gabfest despite the fact that they know bugger all about the subject. These pretenders irritate the hell out of genuine beer buffs and bore the shit out of everyone else. And they're always the ones who don't have enough manners to pass out quickly, quietly and with a minimum of fuss.

By perusing this quick A-Z primer you'll never have to fear joining the ranks of beer bores; in fact, you'll find that holding your own when the talk inevitably turns to the amber nectar is piss easy.



AASS

This Norwegian brewery exports very good Pilsener and Bock beers to Australia — though they can take some tracking down. Marketed in the US with the tagline "Grab Aass!", although the correct pronunciation is "Orse."

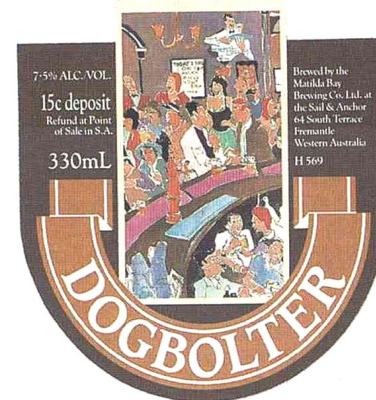
BARLEY

One of the four essential ingredients of beer, along with hops, yeast and water. The finest quality beers use 100 percent malted barley, while large commercial breweries use anything up to 30 percent adjuncts (sugar, maize, rice, etc) to keep costs down. These inferior brewing materials still convert to alcohol, but add little to the overall flavor or body of the beer.



COOPER'S

This sparkling ale is a living national treasure. "Living" because the beer undergoes a secondary fermentation in the bottle, and "treasure" because it remains a relic of traditional English-style ale brewing in this country. For most of this century the quaint cloudy ale from Adelaide remained something of a curiosity and the family-owned brewery very nearly went to the wall in the Seventies. Luckily for everyone concerned, Aussie beer drinkers have discovered Cooper's in a big way during the past decade. Some like to leave that last inch of beer and yeast sediment in the bottom of the bottle, while others deliberately shake it up to get their full vitamin B supplement. Drink enough of this stuff and you'll be positively glowing with health.



DOGBOLTER

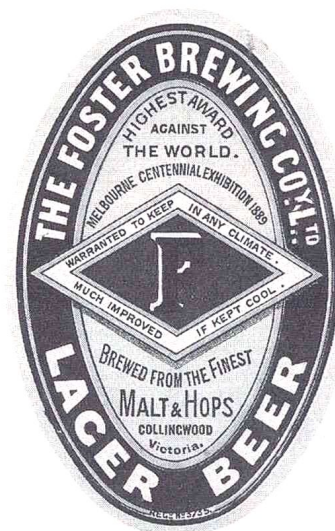
In England Dogbolter is a strong draught ale. There are several stories about the origin of the name. One tells of a chap visiting his village pub and ordering a pint of strong stuff for himself and a bowlful for his canine companion. The thirsty dog guzzled the lot, bolted out of the pub in a drunken frenzy and was never seen again. Here in Australia, boutique brewers Matilda Bay likewise had a strong Dogbolter but then spun everyone out by renaming their Dark Lager "Dogbolter" and calling their original Doggie "Iron Brew." Very confusing. Anyway, this is a top drop for those seeking rapid stupefaction.



ELEPHANT BEER

Undoubtedly the best value imported beer on offer if you're in search of a higher plane. At 7.2 percent alcohol/volume, Carlsberg Elephant Beer is right up there in rocket fuel territory. Named after the elephant statues that stand guard outside the picturesque Carlsberg Brewery in Copenhagen — a long-term favorite with shoestring Aussie travellers because you get free beer and a feed after your brewery tour.

One of the first Foster's Lager labels, c. 1890. From the start the labels sported the now famous Foster's F symbol.



FOSTERS

Our only true national and international brand. The founding Foster brothers were actually a couple of Yanks who turned up in Melbourne in 1888 when refrigeration and lager brewing had just arrived there. The Foster brothers delivered free ice with their beer, soon sold out to Carlton & United Breweries, and disappeared forever from the annals of brewing history.

Opening Time is
GUINNESS
TIME



GUINNESS

Few beers can conjure up quite as much romance as this lovely dark drop of Irish magic. To the serious beer buff, a trip to the Emerald Isle to taste Guinness at its best is obligatory, and a pilgrimage to the Dublin brewery is akin to a Muslim visiting Mecca. Guinness is brewed here under licence by Carlton & United Breweries in Brisbane.

AMBER FLUID

HOPS

Another of the principal ingredients used in brewing. This cousin of the cannabis plant also has some soporific qualities but was first used in beer for its natural preserving characteristics. Nowadays hops are used mainly as a bittering agent and, in the classic Pilsener style, to produce a distinctive floral aroma.



INDIA PALE ALE

A doubly confusing term which describes a style of Pommie beer. Neither Indian nor particularly pale, this beer is usually a copper-brown color and was originally brewed for British troops stationed in India. Bass Pale Ale is the best-known example of the style.



JOHN BOSTON

Australia's first recorded brewer, who arrived as a free settler in Sydney in 1794 (must've been mad) and soon afterwards concocted beer from a mixture of malted maize and the leaves and stalks of the Cape Gooseberry. It probably tasted absolutely vile, but at least it was a start. The man was immortalised briefly by Bond Brewing in 1988 when they released a very good John Boston Special Lager, which sadly has been discontinued.

KENT BREWERY

Former Sydney brewery so named because founder John Tooth hailed from the English county of Kent. Tooth's KB Lager (named after Kent Brewery, obviously) was Sydney's number one beer through the Sixties and Seventies until Toohey's came along with their slick Mojo agency ads ("I feel like a Toohey's or two") and knocked them off. Tooth's were ultimately swallowed up by Melbourne's CUB in 1983. If you drive past the brewery on Broadway you can still make out the outline of "Tooth & Co" lettering behind the blue and white Carlton sign.



LAGER

The major beer style which accounts for about 98 percent of the Aussie beer market, the remainder being ales. Lagers are comparable to white wines — generally lighter in color (pale gold), body and flavor; they are both brewed and best served at colder temperatures than ales. As a rule, ales are generally darker (mid to dark-brown) and much fuller in flavour, like red wines.

MATILDA BAY

The boys from Fremantle, WA who started the whole boutique beer game rolling in Australia in 1985 with their Sail & Anchor brew-pub. Using antiquated handcrafting methods, they produced beers that hadn't been seen here this century — English Bitters, strong ales,

Bavarian wheat beers, Dark Lagers, etc. Their wheat-based Redback really took off and inspired their expansion into a specialty brewery on the back of a public share float.

The expected sales levels were never achieved and they were ultimately bought out lock, stock and beer barrel by CUB in March, 1990. For long-time Matilda Bay devotees, it was like finding out that your favorite little restaurant had been bought out by McDonalds.



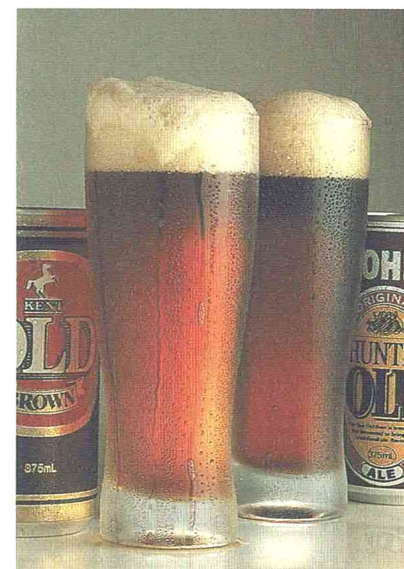
NEW ZEALAND

The Kiwis took everyone by surprise when their Steinlager was voted Best Lager at the well-regarded Brewing Industry International Awards in the years 1985-87. The everyday Enzed beers are another matter entirely — they're usually sweet, weak, flat and definitely an acquired taste. Bazza Mackenzie would rather drink a pint of best Pommie bitter.



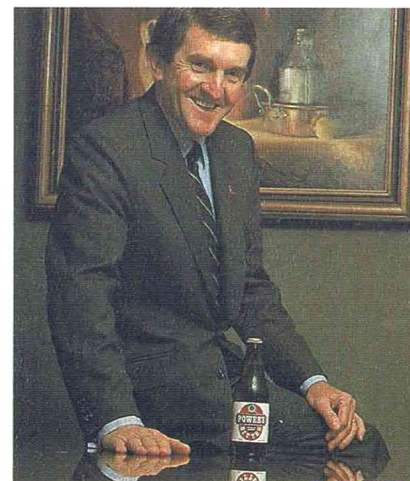
OLD

NSW is unique in Australia for the brewing and popularity of the dark ale style known as "old." Ale brewing, after all, was largely superseded by the "new" lager brewing methods which arrived with the advent of refrigeration late last century. The black Hunter Old (formerly Toohey's Old) and mid-brown Kent Old (formerly Tooth's Old) still enjoy a following around the state, mainly amongst the older brigade.



POWER'S

When Alan Bond bought out the XXXX brewery, loyal Queenslander Bernie Power was so disgusted he decided to start his own brewery. After capturing upwards of 15 percent of the Sunshine State's beer drinkers, Power's has since "leaked" down to the lucrative Sydney market. Sponsoring the Brisbane Broncos helped establish it as a major brand in the land of the banana-bender and Power's is now well on the way to becoming this country's third-largest brewing company, hot on the heels of the South Australian Brewing Company.



QUALITY

Mainstream breweries are quick to slap the word "premium" on labels when it often only means superior packaging. True quality generally means a higher percentage of malt, perhaps some imported hops and a lengthy maturation time in the case of a premium lager.

REINHEITSGEBOT

This is a good one to throw into the conversation at gatherings of serious wine wankers. It is the Bavarian Purity Law of 1516, which specifies that beer should be brewed from four ingredients only — malted barley, hops, yeast and water. No additives, no preservatives, no adjuncts, no crap of any kind. The correct pronunciation is Rine-hites-gib-BOH.

SUDS

Along with amber nectar, pig's ear, piss, slops, hooligan soup, neck oil and turps, suds is slang for beer. Suds actually refers to the foamy head which is the sign of a well-made beer. A good head should stay put after pouring (rather than collapsing), with a well-formed bubble (or "bead", if you want to impress) which leaves "lacing" (the network of tiny bubbles that form on the inside of your glass as the amber fluid disappears down your throat).

TEETOTALLER

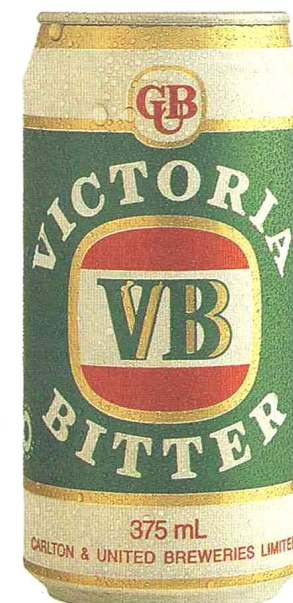
Person to be avoided at all costs. A reformed drunkard is the worst possible kind to encounter, but all teetotalers tend to be terribly boring bastards whose only interest in life is finding out how far they can prolong it.

USA

Country famous for making beers that have virtually no discernible flavor. However, Anheuserbusch (makers of Budweiser) are the world's biggest brewery by a long shot, so you'd reckon they must be doing something right. Perhaps the trick lies in manufacturing a beer so innocuous that you forget you've drunk one and have to order another immediately.

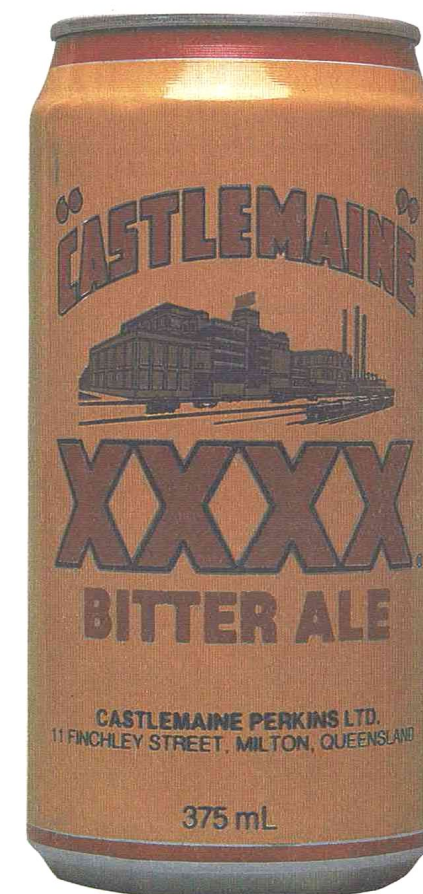
VICTORIA BITTER

The "green can" phenomenon that has the marketing gurus stumped. Despite oodles of cash thrown behind national flagship Fosters, Carlton's second-string VB continues to capture votes from floating young beer drinkers, especially in the trendy Sydney market. And all this despite the fact that VB is pitched at the blue-collar worker. Many discerning critics claim that all Carlton beers are so similar in flavor that only the width of a bee's dick separates them.



WATER

Don't forget that all beer is basically 95 percent water. Generally, harder water suits ales while softer water makes better lagers. Brewers talk about "Burtonising" water for ales by adding gypsum, as Burton-On-Trent (home of Bass) has naturally harder water. Anyone who's tried drinking Adelaide's dodgy tap water might appreciate why Cooper's or West End is a safer way to quench a thirst there.



XXXX

They say Queenslanders can't spell beer so XXXX (pronounced Fourax) is their favored drop. Bondy didn't give a XXXX about local sensibilities and angered Queensland turps merchants by putting his Perth address on the state beer, so imagine how they feel now that the brewery's half-owned by a crowd of Kiwis. Enough to make you seck.

YEAST

Definition: the tiny living fungal organism which can convert sugars into alcohol. To the layman and home brewer: promiscuous little beasts that magically turn the sweet, unfermented mixture of malt, water and hops into alcoholic nectar from the gods. Hallelujah!

ZYMURGY

Refers to the science of fermentation. It's also the title of a specialist quarterly American publication for (naturally) beer connoisseurs. Almost the last word in the dictionary, and definitely the last word on the subject of beer.

* Willie Simpson is the editor of Australian Beer Magazine, a biannual glossy publication that probes the deepest mysteries of the amber nectar. ☉

the end

Continued from page 38

as he did at home. Then one night, no different apparently from any other, he met his end.

In order to dispel the mystery of what happened to Jim Morrison on that last night, I had often thought of tapping the confidential files of the French police and fire department, which presumably contained their official records of Morrison's death and the surrounding circumstances. These records had never been employed; in fact, Jerry Hoskins maintained that they didn't exist. But a persistent search soon established that they are preserved on microfilm in a vast warehouse outside Paris, at Vitry, where 25 kilometres of files are serviced by convicts who ride around on miniature railroads. The real problem was that the dossiers are available only to authorised persons, which means in practice either members of the immediate family or their legally authorised representatives. Owing to the bad blood between Jim Morrison and his parents, whom he once described as "dead", it would be pointless to ask them to authorise a search of records that would almost certainly turn up something painful or embarrassing. So the years have flown by without anybody

making use of the primary documents in the Morrison case.

As it turns out, however, retrieving the files from the French archives is not the impossible task it was made out to be. After going through the usual bureaucratic nightmare and sweating out a period of anxious uncertainty, my colleagues, Martha Legace and Anne Souhrada, succeeded in extracting the relevant documents: the dossier of the criminal investigation department of the French police and the report of an emergency rescue team in the archives of the fire department.

The police report consists primarily of the transcript of an inquest held at the Arsenal police station on the afternoon following Morrison's death. Testimony was taken from the fire lieutenant commanding the rescue unit; the officer of the criminal investigation department who inspected the premises (and who also presided over the hearing); the medical examiner, who viewed the body; and the two chief witnesses, Pamela Courson and Alan Ronay.

Courson's testimony has priority because it offers what purports to be a complete account of Jim Morrison's last night. (Alan Ronay acted as her interpreter, which means that the police did not question one witness independently of the other.) In the translation that follows the word "ami" is rendered as "friend", although, of course, it can also mean

"lover."

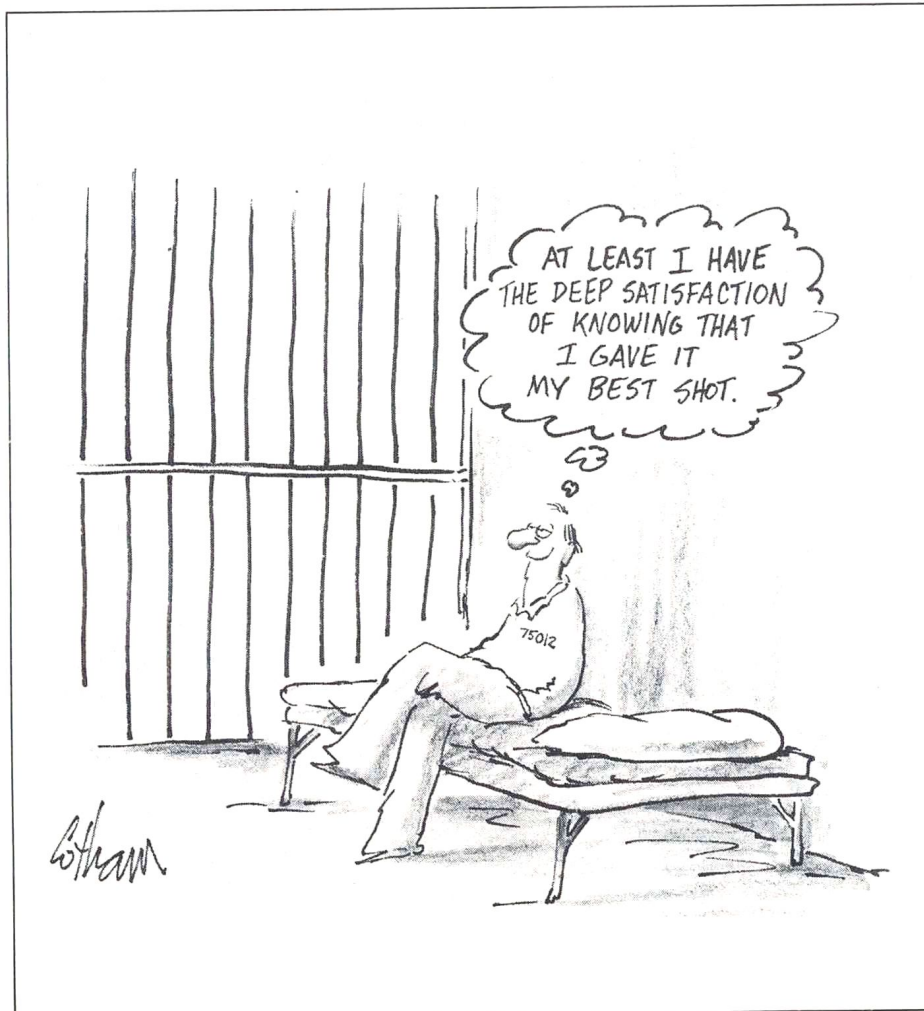
"I am the friend of Mr Morrison," Pamela declared. "Before coming to live at rue de Beautreillis, we stayed for three weeks at the Hotel de Nice on the rue des Beaux Arts. There my friend became ill. He complained of having trouble breathing, and he also had coughing fits at night. I called a doctor, who arrived at the hotel and prescribed pills for asthma. My friend didn't like to go to doctors, and he never took care of his health. I can't say who the doctor was who looked after my friend, and I didn't keep the prescription. At the time of an earlier stay in London, my friend already had this same illness.

"Last night my friend went alone to have dinner in a restaurant, undoubtedly in the neighborhood. When he returned from the restaurant, the two of us went to the movies to see *Pursued*. We returned from the movies about one in the morning. I did the dishes and my friend showed some home movies. He seemed to be in good health and very happy. But I must say that he never complained — it wasn't in his nature. Afterwards we listened to records. I must explain that the record player is in the bedroom and we listened lying together on the bed. I think we went to sleep around 2.30, but I can't say exactly. The record player stopped automatically.

"Around 3.30, I think — there wasn't any clock in the bedroom and I wasn't concerned about the time — I was awakened by the noise my friend was making breathing . . . I had the impression that he was suffocating. I shook him and slapped him several times in order to wake him up. I asked him what was wrong; I wanted to call a doctor. My friend said that he felt fine and that he didn't want to see a doctor. He got up and walked around the room. Then he said that he wanted to take a warm bath.

"When he was in the bath, he called me and said that he was nauseated and wanted to vomit. As I went towards the bathroom, I took from the kitchen an orange pot. My friend vomited into this cooking pot. It looked to me as though there was blood in his vomit. I emptied the pot. Then he vomited again into the pot — this time it was all blood. Then he vomited a third time, bringing up some blood clots. Each time I emptied the pot into the sink and rinsed it. Then my friend said that he felt 'bizarre', but he said to me: 'I'm not ill. Do not call a doctor. I feel better. It's over.' He said to me, 'Go to sleep,' and added that when he had finished bathing he would rejoin me in bed. At this moment, it did seem to me that my friend was getting better because since he had vomited the color had come back into his skin. I went back to bed, and fell asleep immediately because I felt reassured.

"I don't know how long I slept. I woke up with a start, and I saw that my friend was not next to me. I ran into the bathroom, and I saw that he was still in the bathtub. His



"You mean everyone here used to work for the Taxation Department?"

the end

head was not in the water. He appeared to be sleeping. His head was resting on the edge of the tub. There was a little blood under his nostrils. I thought I could wake him. I thought that he was ill and unconscious. I tried to take him out of the tub but I couldn't. At this moment I telephoned Mr Ronay, another American, to ask him to call an ambulance.

"About a half-hour later, Mr Ronay came to my place. When Mr Ronay arrived with his friend Madame Aniece [*sic*, Agnes is pronounced this way in French] Demy, they called, I believe, either the firemen or the police."

Ronay's testimony, predictably, corroborates Courson's in every detail save one: "I have known Mr Morrison since 1963. He is one of my friends. This morning around 8.30, I was awakened by a telephone call from Miss Courson, who asked for my help. She told me to come right away. She was crying. She said that her friend had lost consciousness. I got up and went at once to the rue Beautreillis in the company of my friend Madame Demy. [Jacques Demy was in London.] When I arrived, I saw the firemen in the street. I asked them what was happening. They didn't tell me. I went up to the apartment. I saw Miss Courson, who told me that her friend was dead. He had already been removed from

the bathroom and laid on the bed.

"My friend Morrison drank a lot and did not hold his liquor well.

"I am certain that my friend never used drugs. He often spoke about the folly of young people who used drugs and considered this a very grave problem."

Though these statements differ at many points from those in the so-called "official version" published in the Hopkins-Sugarman biography, the differences are readily explainable as the sort of variations that always appear in orally transmitted stories. The detail that causes confusion in a comparison of the Ronay and Courson testimony is Ronay's account of his arrival at the apartment. He says that the firemen were at the building when he arrived. But Pamela, in the statement, translated by Ronay, says that he and Varda summoned the firemen *after* they arrived.

Who, then, did summon the firemen? It could not have been Pamela, who spoke no French. It must have been someone who didn't want to be present when the firemen arrived.

The most valuable professional testimony offered at the inquest was provided by Lieutenant (now Colonel) Alan Raison, commander of the fire department rescue unit — ten men in a big truck — who were the first people to come to Pamela's aid. The lieutenant reported that he was summoned at 9.20 by a report of an "axphyxie", a person having trouble

breathing. At 9.24 (the fire station was around the corner) he was met at the door of the third (ie, fourth) floor flat by a young woman whose nightgown was damp and who did not speak French. She led him to the bathroom, where he discovered a fat, naked man lying in the tub with his head laid far back on a pad and his right arm extended along the rim. The water in the tub was tinted pale pink and was still warm, as was the body, which was still supple.

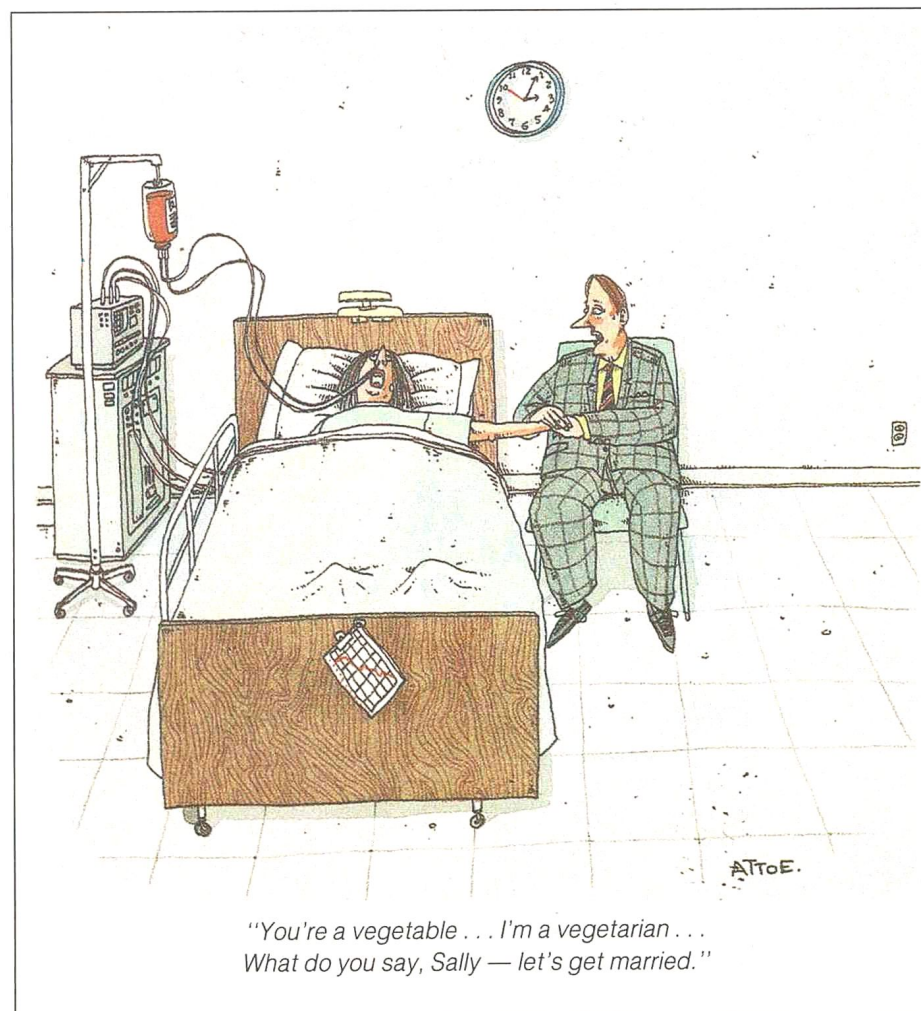
These facts offer a rough idea of the time of death. Rigor mortis sets in between six and eight hours after death; consequently, Morrison couldn't have died earlier than about 1.30am. But the temperature of the water suggests that Morrison died much later than that, for a hot tub will not retain any noticeable heat for more than a few hours.

The firemen removed the body from the tub and laid it on the bedroom floor to obtain the hard, unyielding surface required for heart massage. Soon they abandoned their efforts and, as the police arrived, they left the premises at 9.47. On their arrival back at the barracks, they filed a terse report. It states that Morrison had become ill at 5.30 but had decided to take a bath to make himself feel better. ("A neighbor", ie Ronay, translated for Pamela.) His "wife" then fell asleep and did not awaken until 9.15, when she discovered him in the tub. She described Morrison as "writer, singer." Clearly, it was after the authorities had left and she had had time to discuss her predicament with Ronay and Varda that she changed her tune. (When quizzed about the suppression of Morrison's identity, Varda says there were two reasons: (1) "It was not as a rock star that I loved him. Why should French policemen know that he was a famous rock star?"; (2) "You have to be very careful when a foreigner is involved."

The report of the police inspector, Jacques Manchez, is interesting primarily for its misconceptions. After conferring with his colleague from the fire department and after inspecting the body and the bathroom — where he measured the tub and the depth of its water — he went into the living room, where a patrolman introduced him to Pamela, Ronay and Varda. He was told — and the error went into the records — that all three were Americans and that only Ronay spoke French. Not only did he mistake an established French filmmaker for a foreigner, but — evidently because she gave the same home address, on the rue Daguerre in Montparnasse, as Ronay — he described her as the latter's "concubine", the same term that he applied to Pam.

The most disappointing testimony was that furnished by the medical examiner, Dr Max Vassile. He did not arrive at the apartment until six in the evening. The pertinent portion of his report offers no insight into

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"You're a vegetable . . . I'm a vegetarian . . .
What do you say, Sally — let's get married."



"Relax, tropical diseases are my forte."

SUMMERtime

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE



Summertime, and the living is easy. Especially when you're on holiday in a beautiful shack in the tropics. At least, that's what Marianne Greaves, a 22-year-old beautician, believes. "To stay fresh, you have to escape from the city every so often, get right away from it all and relax."







"I never skimp on my holidays," Marianne says. "I always go to somewhere that's beautiful, secluded, maybe a little bit expensive, but which has a good night life. There are usually plenty of interesting people to meet at such places, or you can be by yourself if you want, too."



the end

Continued from page 86

the cause of death. "I note," the doctor attested, "that the body does not show, apart from the lividness of death, any suspicious signs of trauma or lesions of any kind. A little blood around the nostrils. The history of Mr Morrison's condition, such as it was described to us by a friend on the premises, can be summed up thus: Mr Morrison had been complaining for a few weeks of precordial [over the heart] pains with dyspnoea [difficulty in breathing]. It was evidently coronary problems, possibly aggravated by abusive drinking. One can imagine that on the occasion of a change of outside temperature [a puzzling remark] followed by a bath these troubles were suddenly aggravated, leading to a classical myocardial infarction [blockage of a coronary artery], causing sudden death. I conclude from my examination that death was caused by heart failure (natural death)."

As a medical judgment, this opinion is hopelessly ill-founded. It is based on hearsay evidence provided by someone who had it himself at second hand. (Note how the focus has shifted to the heart, which is never once mentioned in Pamela's account.) The diagnosis ignores the manifest symptoms, vomiting and hemorrhaging.



Most important, the so-called medical history omits the crucial fact that the deceased had never before exhibited any signs of heart trouble and had been examined only recently by a physician who prescribed treatment for asthma.

Under Article 74 of the French Penal Procedures Code, where there is "no crime or flagrant misdemeanor", the state prosecutor can charge a medical expert with the power of making an enquiry. When the doctor delivered his implausible but pre-emptive opinion that the deceased had died of natural causes, Captain Robert Berry, commander of the Arsenal Precinct, closed the case and signed the report. Permission to bury the dead was granted.

The next steps were routine. During the afternoon, someone — most likely Alan Ronay, who describes himself at the conclusion of his deposition as being busy with the funeral arrangements — called a funeral home, Pompes Funebres Bigot at 8 rue du Cloître Notre Dame. The director, Michel Gangenepain, made out the death certificate, and an undertaker was dispatched to the apartment. He cleansed the body, packing it in dry ice to prevent decomposition. It was then laid in an inexpensive oak casket lined with canvas. Bill Siddons saw the closed coffin when he arrived the following Tuesday. (It was the fact that he did not see the corpse that gave rise to the rumors that the casket

was empty and Jim was free of the burdens of fame and living happily in Africa.) Pamela went, most likely with Ronay, to Pere Lachaise Cemetery — which Jim had visited recently to view the graves of the great — where she bought a double plot (one body laid atop another) for a moderate sum.

The funeral was held on Wednesday afternoon. No family members were invited, nor were any clergy involved. Those present were Pamela Courson, Alan Ronay, Agnes Varda, Bill Siddons and Robin Wertle, a young Canadian woman who had acted as Jim's and Pam's secretary in Paris. They read some verses and threw flowers on the coffin when it was lowered five metres into the earth.

The following day, Pam and Siddons flew back to Los Angeles. On April 25, 1974, Pamela was found dead in her Hollywood apartment of a heroin overdose, shortly after being declared Jim Morrison's sole heir. She had celebrated by buying herself a yellow Volkswagen convertible, a monogrammed mink scarf — and an ounce of China White.

The testimony at the inquest and the statements, public and private, issued subsequently by Pamela Courson and Bill Siddons combine to create the impression that Jim Morrison died of a grave illness whose symptoms he stubbornly ignored. Yet when the basis of this opinion was sought, it all turns on the word of one drug-addicted woman with a notorious penchant for what is politely described as "fantasy."

Jim Morrison had no history of either heart disease nor asthma before he left for Europe. He had done a lot of drinking and tried a lot of drugs, but he had never been seriously ill nor had he exhibited any symptoms to anybody else, save for a heavy cough, aggravated doubtless by dragging deeply on three packs of Marlboros a day. He had punctured a lung, however, early in March in a fall from the second floor of the Chateau Marmont in Los Angeles. Even if he did vomit blood on his last night (note how the violent hemorrhaging of the inquest shrinks to a "little blood" in the story Pam told later), the most likely explanation is that like many drinkers he had developed an ulcer that started bleeding when he started vomiting. He could have been nauseated because of something he ate for supper — or he could have been nauseated from snorting heroin.

Even a tiny amount of heroin can produce nausea in a non-user, as Bill Siddons discovered when he returned from Morrison's funeral. He told the surviving members of the band: "Once, while alone in the living room [of Morrison's apartment], I opened a carved box on the coffee table and found white powder in a clear envelope. Pam was in the kitchen, so I de-

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP MOND

A year ago, 26-year-old Mahalia Maria was leading a quiet life in Rotterdam, Holland, managing a video-rental store and spending her evenings with friends. Then one day out of the blue she did "the craziest thing I've ever done — writing in to a famous erotic show on Dutch television, *Pin Up Girls*."



one for the
ROAD

"I've appeared nude, and it was very successful," she remembers. "Since then I've been back on several times." Although Mahalia had done some modelling and hopes to do more, her long-range goals are really quite simple. "I'd like to settle down and have a family," she sighs.







How does she know when a man turns her on? "I can feel it in my stomach. I let him know by having the most romantic look in my eyes you can imagine, and the cutest smile. If he doesn't respond, I'll just ask him to come home with me!"



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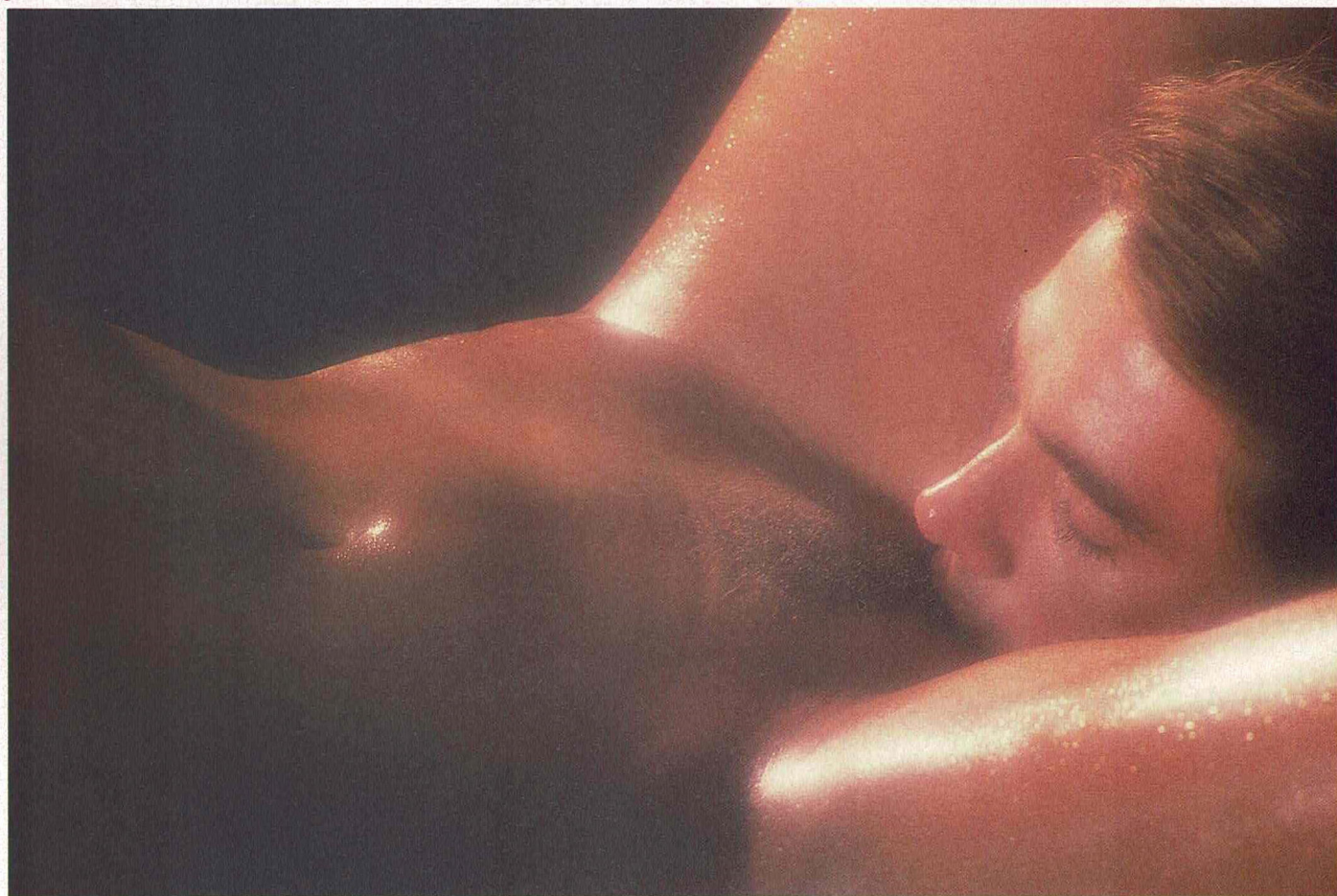


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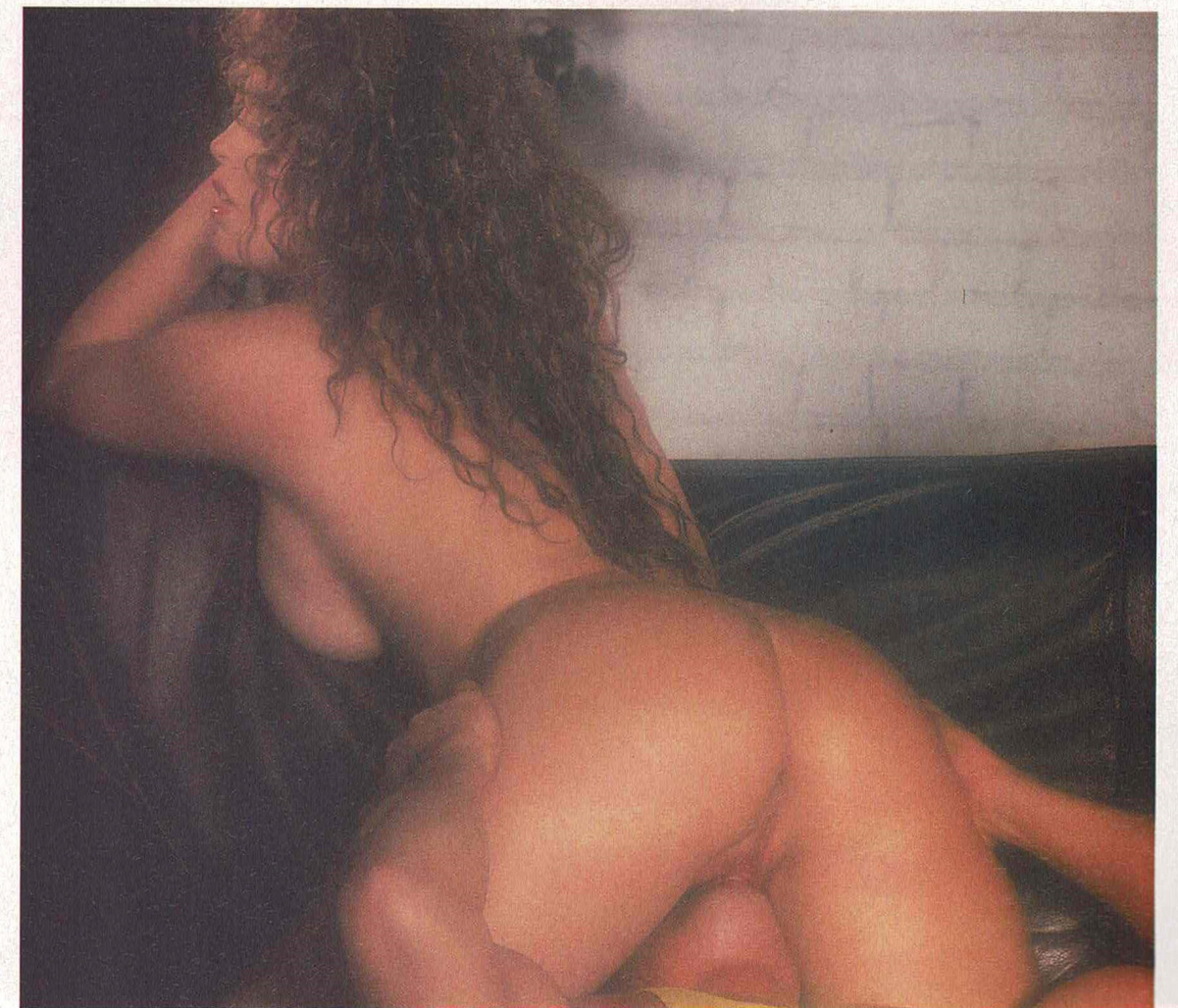
Tom was tired of going to commercial health clubs. He hated the hassle of having to wait to use the equipment and was equally put off by the impersonal atmosphere. Then he met Sandy. "My fitness program is different from most others," she warned Tom.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
EARL MILLER





Tom, being no dumbbell, quickly discovered the benefits of having a personal trainer. "It's always better to exercise with a partner," Sandy said breathlessly. Tom knew she was right. With Sandy there to coach him through each motion, he could easily reach the climax of his fitness career.



All in all, Tom had to admit that it had been a productive workout. "I find I have a real knack for turning limp wimps into men of steel," Sandy said with a smile.



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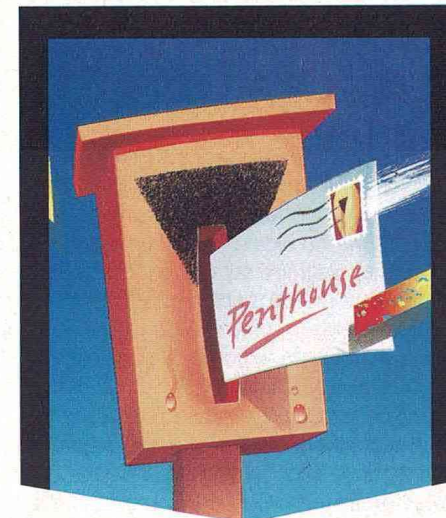
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Continued from page 10

my cock out of her mouth and proceeded to tell Sharon and Paul how much nicer it was to feel a tongue running over a bare mound, while she continued to slowly squeeze and wank my throbbing cock. Sharon, whose eyes had hardly left my cock, commented on the thickness of it and I glanced at Paul to note that even though his cock was as long as mine, it was quite slim with an upward curve.

Sue, the saucy bitch she is, then invited Sharon to feel the thickness for herself, adding that she was sure I wouldn't mind. Sharon, with hardly a glance at Paul, who was still staring at my finger in Sue's pussy, tentatively wrapped her tiny hand around my cock and took over where Sue had left off, while Sue moved her head further down and began to lick my balls. I asked Paul if he would like to feel how nice it is to run your tongue over smooth pussy lips and before you could blink, his nose and mouth were nuzzling Sue's crotch. Sharon was trying to swallow my cock but was having difficulties with the thickness of it and settled instead for licking my knob while she continued to wank me, mesmerised by the thickness of it sliding through her fist.

Sue, meanwhile, was really beginning to get into it and was begging for something to be eased into her aching pussy. Paul looked at me and I acknowledged for him to go right ahead. I had a perfect view of his cock sliding into Sue's cunt and my own cock twitched against Sharon's tongue. Sue was moaning with one of my balls in her mouth as Paul's thrusts got harder and I could tell that she was nearing her peak, so I slid my hand down over her back and began working my finger into her puckered asshole.

That was all she needed. She threw her head in the air and squealed her delight as spasms racked her body. She bucked violently, which caused Paul's cock to slip out in mid-come, spraying jet after jet of spunk up Sue's back and over her arse. He

grabbed her hips to steady himself, squashing his cock up against his belly and between the cheeks of Sue's arse.

It was such a horny sight that it triggered my own orgasm and I erupted, filling Sharon's mouth and covering her lips and chin with juicy sperm, which Sue began to lick off even before I had stopped dribbling. After regaining our breath, we all walked hand in hand into the cool ocean to refresh ourselves.

We all commented on what a fantastic experience it had been and in fact it was the first time Paul and Sharon had had sex with anyone else since they were married ten years ago. Sue and I had had several threesomes during our time together and occasional solo holidays, but it was also the first time we had been with another couple, even though we had discussed it on many occasions. It had also been a favorite fantasy of Paul and Sharon, so everyone was glowing except that Sharon thought she had been a bit hard done by, seeing as how she was the only one who hadn't had a climax. But we promised to make it up to her. It turned out that they were in much the same position as Sue and myself, having left their two children with Sharon's parents while they got away on their own for a week. They had agreed that if the opportunity to participate in something sexually unusual cropped up, they would do so. They were from Erina on the Central Coast and had only stopped off at Byron for a day or two on their way to visit friends in Brisbane.

We sat back down at our horny spot and had a sandwich and something to drink and it wasn't long before we began to discuss our sexual likes and dislikes. Sue sitting with her legs crossed, displaying her hairless pussy, was having an effect on Paul again. We all laughed at him trying to cover up his swelling cock and Sharon started telling us again about his infatuation with shaved fannies. I suggested that if Paul were to lie on his back, Sue would show him a view that would blow his mind completely.

Paul dutifully lay down and Sue knelt astride his face, her pussy only a foot or so away from his bulging eyes. She asked me to pass her the oil and dribbled some on to her mound and the palm of her hand, proceeding to massage it into the tops of her thighs and along the sides of her pussy. Paul's eyes never left her crotch and his erection was now pointing skyward and visibly twitching. Sue gradually worked a finger into the seam of her beautiful cunt, sliding it up and down, letting out a little gasp of pleasure each time it passed over her clit.

The scene was also getting to Sharon and myself and I rolled on top of her, our tongues thrusting into each other's mouths, my cock wedged firmly between our bellies. I pulled my face away and trailed my tongue across her face, around her ear, down her throat and across her

forum

chest until I reached her nipple. Her breasts were firm and her nipples were like pebbles. When I commented on how firm her breasts were, she told me that she had her boobs done after having the children. I continued my tonguing down over her navel, gently brushing her pubic hair with my nose and tongue, and her hips jerked reflexively. She asked me if it felt horrible, all that hair, after having Sue's smooth pussy all the time, but I told her to lie back and watch what Paul and Sue were doing and also not to worry, as the blonde wisps that covered her mound weren't exactly the Black Forest. Sharon had a perfect view of Sue, who now appeared to be finger-fucking herself quite vigorously. To the side of me I could see Paul's cock, which was twitching more than ever and dribbling precome into a little pool on his stomach.

Sue's antics must have got to Sharon as well because no sooner had she glanced over that way than she was flooding my face with copious amounts of sweet pussy lubricant, which I promptly swallowed in, pushing my tongue right up her cunt and rubbing my face from side to side, my nose pounding her clit. When I lifted my head, I could see that Sue was now sitting right on Paul's face and Sharon was staring intently at that scene while she gy-

rated her hips into my face. Sue told Paul that she now needed to be fucked and I'm sure that after what the poor guy had been through, he couldn't wait to stick his dick somewhere.

I turned Sharon around so that the two couples were head to tail, as I knew how good it was to be able to watch and thought Sharon would probably get a kick out of it as well. We lay entranced as Paul moved Sue's legs back on to her chest and moved his cock to line up with the entrance to her bronzed cunt. He pushed forward but the oil caused his cock to slip up on to Sue's mound. After another attempt, we saw Sue's hand snake down between their bodies and grasp Paul's cock, and then literally feed it into her yearning cunt. Sharon put her hand down and grasped mine in the same fashion, rubbing it against her lips to open her up and get the head of my cock wet.

She was moaning already and asked me to take it slowly as I gradually eased the swollen head into her tight cunt. I pulled back and then slipped just the head in again and kept on repeating that manoeuvre until she was bucking her hips up at me to take more. I increased the depth just a fraction each time until I thought she was sufficiently lubricated and open to take the full length. Then I pushed my thick cock into her in one slow but continuous movement, causing a mini-climax as I could feel her cunt muscles rippling along

my cock. I began to slide in and out, gradually building up a rhythm, and having established that, allowed myself a glance at Sue and Paul.

It was a beautiful sight indeed, with Paul's cock pistoning into Sue while she caressed his balls with one hand and ran her other over the cheeks of his arse. Sharon was going crazy underneath me, the sight of her husband's cock deep within another woman driving her insane with jealousy and lust. I told her to reach over and touch his balls and although a little hesitant at first, she quickly got over it and was soon running her fingers over Paul's balls and tickling Sue's clit.

Sue then started up a running commentary on how good my suntanned cock looked sliding in and out of Sharon's white pussy and encouraging Paul to take a look at his wife being fucked by another man. Sue had also reached over and was alternately wanking my cock into Sharon's pussy and working on Sharon's clit. I felt Sue's hand below my balls and Sharon threw her legs up higher and let out a real guttural moan and I guessed Sue must have worked a finger into her virgin arsehole. Sharon began bucking up on to my cock and I was having a hard time just staying with her. She started screaming at me to fuck her harder and I tried to oblige.

In the background I could hear Sue saying to Paul how good it looked — his lovely wife with a big, thick cock up her cunt and a woman's finger up her arse. I had a bird's eye view of Paul's thrusts becoming harder and faster and Sharon telling him that she wanted him to come in her mouth. He whipped his cock out of Sue's cunt and struggled, moaning to where we were. He straddled his wife face and pushed his cock down into her open mouth, exploding convulsively, the come bubbling up past her lips and running down the side of her face. Sharon's legs clamped around my waist in a vice-like grip and she began to jerk like a string puppet, moaning as she slobbered all over Paul's cock. I could feel her hot juices spurting out over my cock and balls. It was ages before the spasms stopped wracking her body and she lay there limp with her closed eyelids fluttering.

Paul's cock was still rock hard and one long thread of come was oozing from the eye of it all the way to Sharon's cheek. I knelt up to ease my cock out of her pussy and it was a beautiful sight, her swollen lips distended and hugging my cock, stretching out as I slid away, causing more tremors to wrack her body. I almost felt like ramming it back in there, especially seeing as how I hadn't come yet, but I knew that wouldn't be very welcome, so I eased out as gently as I could and gazed down at her beautiful pussy, opening and closing like a little goldfish gasping for air.

Sue moved over to me and took my throbbing cock in her hand and we kissed each other lovingly and hungrily, Sue not

having come yet either. We stood and held each other, my cock nestling into her crotch and rubbing the underside of her pussy. She raised one leg to allow me access to her warm cunt and I took hold of my cock and ran it back and forth over her lips before easing it into her tight sheath. It felt beautiful but it was awkward so I took hold of her other leg and lifted her on to my rampant cock while she locked her legs behind my back. I also knew I wasn't going to last long in this position so I asked Paul if he would hold Sue from behind and share the weight. Paul moved in behind her and took hold of her by cupping his hands under her arse cheeks, which was even better as it enabled me to thrust deeper. Sue was moaning and saying how great it felt because each time she got me in balls-deep, Paul's cock was sliding along her arse crease. It appeared that it was getting to Paul, too, as I could feel his hard cock bumping mine on the downstroke.

I suggested to Sue that now might be the ideal opportunity to realise another of her unfulfilled fantasies, of having one cock in her cunt and another in her arse at the same time, to which she groaned and thrust her tongue in my ear, telling me how much she loved me. I asked Paul how he felt about fucking Sue's arse and needless to say, he was all for it. Sharon brought the oil over and proceeded to spread it over Paul's cock and Sue's arsehole. I then held Sue still while Sharon guided Paul's stiff cock into Sue's puckered hole. Sue and I had tried anal sex previously but my cock was a bit thick for her to manage comfortably, so I was hoping that Paul's slimmer version would be just right.

I could feel her tense up slightly as Paul began to push forward but Sharon came to the rescue and began massaging Sue's clit and sucking one of her nipples and I felt the tension go out of her body. I felt Paul's cock pushing against mine through the thin wall of skin and as he started an in-and-out movement, the feeling was indescribable, sort of like having your cock massaged while you are fucking. We both began to rock back and forth, with Sue more or less being supported on our cocks, and she was moaning with her teeth lightly digging into my shoulder. Paul and I were building up a good rhythm now, increasing the pace of our thrusts, and Sue was gasping and moaning, telling us how good it felt.

Sharon, meanwhile, deciding not to be left out, had crawled between our legs and was licking our balls and running her tongue between the cheeks of our arses. Sue moaned that she wasn't far from coming and Sharon, after working one of her fingers into my arsehole, concentrated all her efforts on Sue's clit, which really sent her over the top. With one cock filling her cunt, another stretching her cute puckered arsehole to the limit and Sharon's fingers and tongue doing magical things to her whole nervous system, it

was no wonder that Sue started screaming at us to fuckin' well rip her apart, calling us all cunts and finally settling into a rhythmic "fuck me" chant.

Sue's words were spurring Paul and myself on no end as well and we were really pounding our cocks into her. Paul began to pant heavily and said he was about to come and we all lifted our rate that little bit higher. Paul was thrusting so hard, he almost lifted Sue off both our cocks. We stayed in, though, and I asked Sue if it felt good, Paul spurting all that juicy come into her beautiful arse and me about to do the same thing in her sweet cunt — and that Sharon would probably lick it all up.

Well, that sent us both over the edge and Sue's cunt tightened up on my cock as I began to spurt my seed into her velvet vice. I could feel that Paul's cock was still imbedded in Sue's arse and I guessed that if he was anything like me, he would probably have to be dragged out. Sue continued to have minor climaxes for a few minutes until she finally went limp in our arms.

We both eased our cocks out of her battered body and laid her gently on the warm sand. She looked beautiful, lying there, her golden body glistening with sweat, traces of my spunk on her puffy lips, her chest heaving and a contented smile on her face. I looked down at Paul, who was now on his haunches with the tip of his limp cock resting in the sand, and then at Sharon, who looked up at me with a glazed expression, her face still coated with our combined juices. We all began to laugh, revelling in the excitement of what

had just taken place.

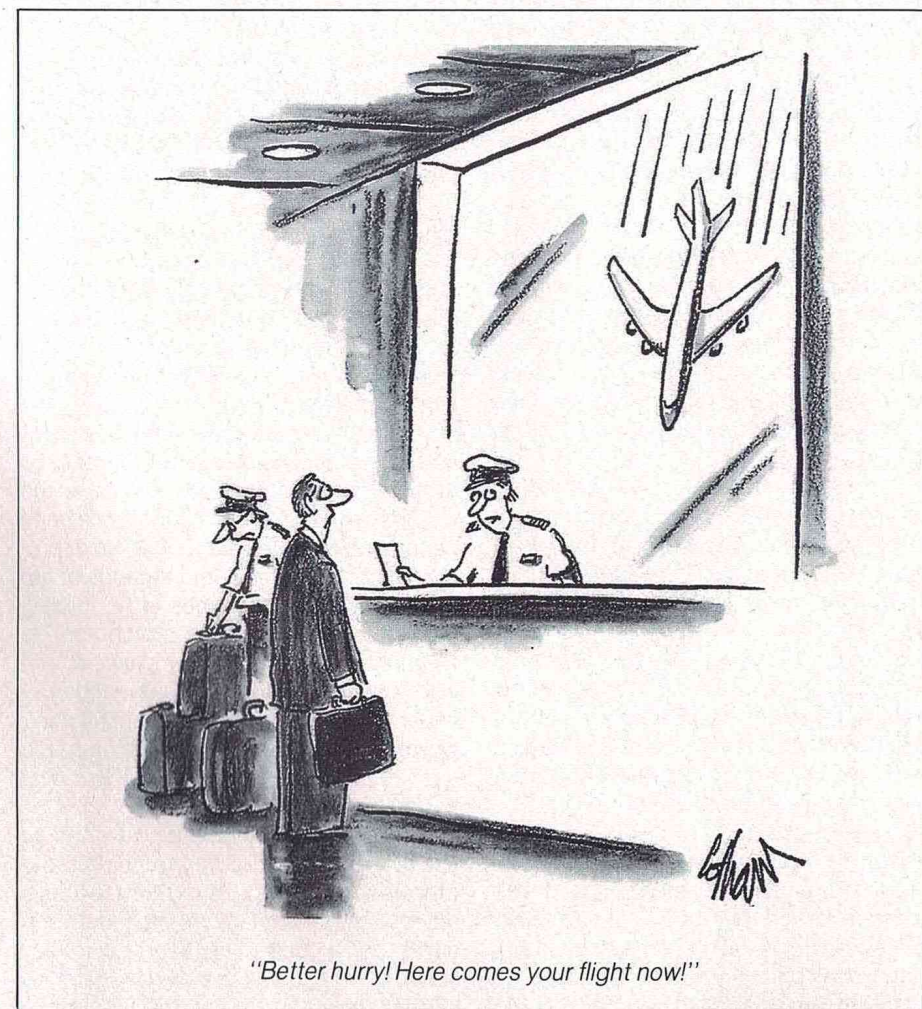
I helped Sue to her feet and we walked into the refreshing water of the Pacific Ocean once again. Sharon was asking Sue if the experience had been as good as it looked as she scooped up handfuls of cool water and smoothed it over Sue's glistening back. When Sue told her it had been fantastic, Sharon said that tomorrow it would be her turn to be double-fucked and not only that, she would take my cock up her arse. As it turned out, she was true to her word, but that's another story. Suffice to say that our week at Byron Bay is one we will long remember and I am sure the memories will provide fuel for some beautiful fucks in the future. — *Name and address withheld*

Birthday bang

It was my 31st birthday and my husband Rob had promised something really special. I guessed this would involve me getting screwed, as it has been this way for the last two birthdays. I could hardly wait! In most ways, Rob and I have a conventional monogamous relationship, but occasionally, maybe once or twice a year, we treat ourselves to a sexual adventure. Sometimes it's Rob who gets the special treat, sometimes it's me. We both always end up having a fantastic time.

As a prelude to this adventure Rob told me we were going out for some action and that he had selected the clothes I was to wear. I laughed when I saw them, a G-string and garter belt, stockings, black singlet, mini skirt and high heels.

On our way to the motel room I could feel



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the cool evening breeze around my barely-covered bum. Rob was describing the night's fun and games: I was to be blindfolded, and what was to follow would be a surprise. At the door Rob kissed me and put a neat but firm blindfold over my eyes. "You look hot, really hot," he said. "You ready?" I nodded, wondering what was in store.

In we went. I heard music and voices — one, two, three men. It seemed that they had been there for a while. Rob introduced me, and the strangers voiced their approval. We kept our clothes on and had a few drinks to break the ice. Somebody got me a Bundy and Coke and while I was sipping it there were hands all over me.

I could hear zips unzipping as they all took their clothes off, but I was still dressed. They all came close around me again and very slowly began to remove my clothes. Off came the mini and the vest, but on stayed the garters, stockings and shoes. Whichever way I turned, I bumped into an erect cock, and I was so hot I was ready to do anything.

I slid my hands down one of the torsos and found the first cock, which I sucked hard. Soon I had a nice rhythm up and he came with a big growl. I love sucking cock and swallowing come, but for the benefit of everyone I let a fair bit run down my chin and be caught between my breasts. The boys picked me up and put me on the bed and suddenly there was a hot mouth at my pussy, slowly licking me all round the clit. It was amazing. I found another cock and began to suck it. There were plenty of

mouths on me, nibbling my tits. The mouth at my pussy was expert and soon had me bucking through my first orgasm. Having dicks, hands and mouths all over me made me lose all sense of reality, and my head was spinning.

Someone rolled me over and asked me to kneel so he could fuck me from behind. I had to grin at this request from a man I'd never seen. I felt his hard cock pushing into me slowly at first but steadily getting quicker. Another guy lay in front of me and pulled my head to his cock. It wasn't very hard — he'd probably come once already. It was great, a cock in each end. I loved it. As the tempo increased I had to stop sucking the one in front to concentrate on the fucking I was getting from behind. He pumped hard and fast and I could feel his balls slapping between my legs.

"Here goes!" he yelled and started to come, filling me with hot jets of jizz. When he was finished he pulled out and said, "Who's next?" Immediately, I was rolled over and I felt another dick between my legs, then pushing into my hot, creamy pussy. It was better lying on my back as I had easier contact with the others. There were hands all over me and cocks to play with. I said I was thirsty and somebody tipped a fizz of champagne into my mouth and over my stomach. The boy screwing me didn't miss a beat. The others began to lick up the champagne. I could feel that the rooster was about to shoot, so I told him to do it on my tits and pushed them together a bit to catch him. He pulled out and hosed jizz everywhere, scattering the champagne lickers.

Finally they all moved away back to the bar. I didn't move — I just lay there

spreadeagled on the bed. My pussy was still buzzing and jizz was trickling down my stomach, mixed with champagne. At the bar Rob was explaining that it was my favorite fantasy. Then someone said they had a camera. I thought a memento would be nice so they set the camera up on the TV and all jumped into the picture. I was still blindfolded. Looking at the photo later was the first and only time I saw my birthday lovers. — *Name and address withheld*

Homecoming special

My husband is a pilot in the Navy and has been gone for the past five months. I plan on making his homecoming from his first cruise one he will never forget!

Five months is a long time to be separated from someone you love. When the men who have been away come home there is always a celebration. The pilots fly their planes home in formation and do some impressive manoeuvres overhead. For the wives and girlfriends waiting for them to land, it seems like an eternity before they taxi down the runway.

I am a small woman with dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. My husband and I have a fantastic sex life. I enjoy wearing sexy lingerie for him, and he loves how I look in my garter belts and stockings.

Since we are going to go home and fuck each other's brains out, I plan to meet him wearing something that will definitely let him know just how horny I am. I am going to wear my three-quarter length fur coat and underneath it a very sexy black garter belt and black fishnet stockings. Red gloves and six-inch red (come-fuck-me) heels will cap off the outfit. If that doesn't make a statement, I don't know what will!

If we make it home without me unzipping his pants, exposing his hard cock, and straddling him while we drive, it will be a miracle.

I just can't wait to kiss him, touch him, and be naked with him, feeling every inch of my body against his. I want to let my hands and mouth explore him as if for the first time. I want to go down on him and feel his cock explode in my mouth when he comes. And — ooooooh — I can't wait to feel his lips on my breasts, his mouth moving lower and lower to taste my juices and bring me to orgasm with his skilled tongue. I want to feel his big, hard cock deep inside me, rhythmically moving in and out, in and out until we both climax.

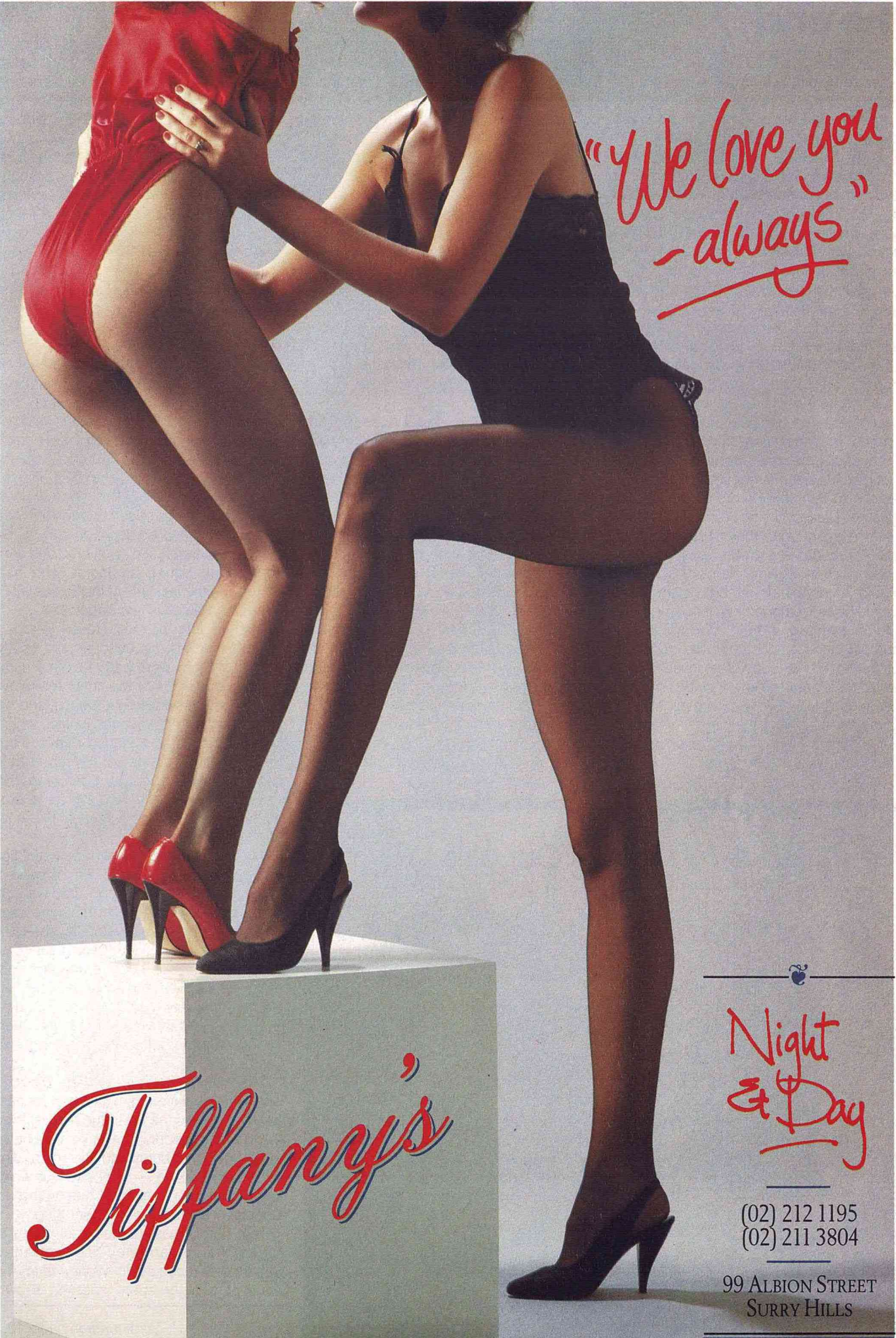
But most of all, I want to wake up in the morning in his arms knowing it is not a dream, because I have dreamed and fantasised about this for so long.

I can honestly say that being separated like this has its advantages and disadvantages. I appreciate my husband a lot more. Our reunions are wonderful and sexually fulfilling. I like my life and I'm proud to be married to a Navy pilot — I wouldn't trade my life for anything. — *Name and address withheld* ☐

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the end

Continued from page 96

cided to try a little and see what it was. It wasn't coke. Soon afterward I became nauseous and felt very sick. It sure was something that I'd never tried before."

That Morrison insisted there was nothing wrong with him and that he did not want to see a doctor that night (he had agreed to see a doctor not long before) suggests he knew perfectly well what was wrong with him and that it was not disease, but dope. His suggestion that Pam go to sleep while he remained in the bathroom, as well as the smile reported to have been on his face in the Hopkins biography, are further evidence that heroin was the cause of his death. People who die of myocardial infarction, which produces a crushing heart pain, do not die smiling.

Likewise, the behavior of Pam and her friends in concealing from the French authorities the real identity of James Douglas Morrison suggests that they had reason to fear the effects of such a disclosure. Clearly, if the police had known that the young man they had found dead at 17 rue de Beautreillis was an internationally famous American rock star, they would have examined his death more carefully and, suspecting it was due to drugs, ordered a post mortem. If the autopsy had demonstrated the presence of heroin in his body, the investigation would have broadened to include Pam and her acquaintances. The police might have found her stash or they might have nailed her suppliers. Undoubtedly the police had their eye on the Rock And Roll Circus

(which closed down shortly thereafter), where Jim and Pam probably scored on the night of his death. The reputations of Ronay and Varda would have been besmirched. Clearly, it was very important that Pamela Courson deceive the French police and get out of the country as quickly as possible.

When Captain Robert Berry, now aged 76, was quizzed recently about his involvement in the case, he confirmed that the police knew nothing of Jim Morrison's true identity. Asked if he thought that heroin could have been the true cause of death, he considered the question carefully and replied: "It is highly possible." Alan Ronay's vigorous denial that Jim Morrison ever took drugs shows where the shoe pinched. When Herve Muller sought to question Agnes Varda about her role in *L'affaire Morrison*, she threatened to sue him.

That heroin was the cause of Jim Morrison's death is confirmed by information that has been available for four years but was published only recently in John Densmore's *Riders On The Storm*. When The Doors' drummer raises the question of Morrison's death, he remarks that he has known the truth since 1986, when he was interviewed on PBS by Roger Steffans, a well-known radio personality in Los Angeles. Steffans had objected to the widespread fantasy that Jim Morrison is still alive, remarking that he knew the people who had discovered his dead body. They were pop star Marianne Faithfull (who now denies ever having had any contact with Jim Morrison) and Jean DeBreteuil, the playboy son of a French count who had owned until his demise

most of the French newspapers in North America.

According to Steffans, on the night of Jim Morrison's death, Pam had called DeBreteuil, who was one of her lovers, and told him: "Jim is in the bathroom. The door is locked. I can't get him out. Will you come over immediately?" DeBreteuil and Faithfull arrived shortly thereafter and contrived to open the door. When they caught sight of Morrison stretched out dead in the tub, they went into shock because they were both heroin addicts and in Jim's death they saw their own. They were still agitated two days later when they recounted the story to Steffans and his wife of that time, Cynthia Copple, a Vietnam War correspondent.

Prompted by this revelation, I got in touch with Steffans and Copple, intent on putting the anecdote in context. Steffans told me that in 1971 he and his wife were living in Marrakech, where they had become acquainted with Jean DeBreteuil through his widowed mother, a *grande dame* who presided over an 80-room palace (with a high tower where Jean perched) in the European quarter, the Villa Taylor. They recalled Jean, only 21 at the time, as a slender, cool, well-bred and very considerate young aristocrat who had gotten into the fast lane of the Sixties while attending college in Los Angeles.

Jean cut into the most closely guarded celebrity circles by handing out costly drugs as if they were party favors. He imported whole kilos of the finest Moroccan hashish via the diplomatic pouch, and he became a boot-and-shoot junkie, which was the bond that attached Pam to him. He reached the apogee of his career as a super-fan when he got tight with the Rolling Stones while working as a production consultant on a French TV show about the band.

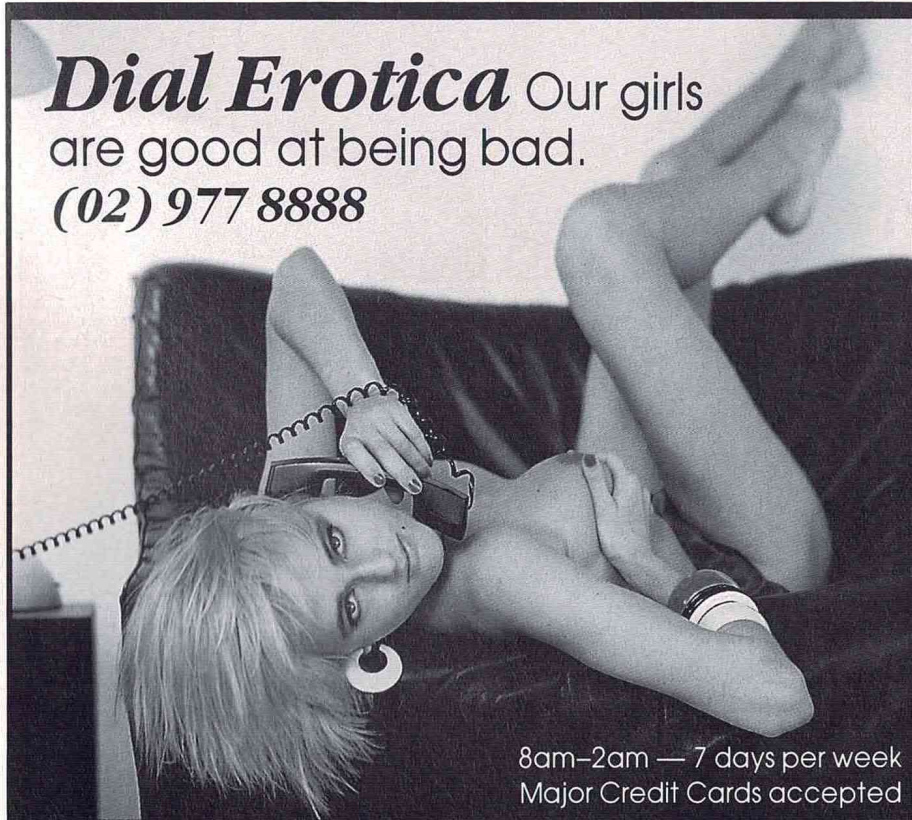
Jean was staying at Keith Richards' flat in London when he fell in with Marianne Faithfull. The one-time pop star was so washed up by this point that she was virtually on the street. Naturally, she took up with the elegant young Jean, soon to inherit his deceased father's title and well endowed with the medicine for all her ills. On their first day together, they bought a Bentley — and totalled it that night. Then they decided to get off the scene and lay out in Paris.

They had only just reached the city when they received Pam's desperate call. Rushing over to the flat in the Marais, they found a way to spring the lock on the bathroom door and burst into the room. Jim had been drinking — they saw the whiskey bottles on the floor, according to Copple — and he had been snorting.

That heroin was the cause of death is further substantiated by Danny Sugarman's account in *Wonderland Avenue* of a night spent snorting Brown

Continued on page 128

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Gayle Murdoch, 24, was supposed to be working on a detective novel and her deadline was coming up fast. "That's okay," she smiles. "But I got a terrible case of writer's block. Everything was wooden — it didn't flow at all."

paperback writer

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENYS DEFRADESCO



Gayle knows a sure-fire way to loosen up her system, though. "The only thing to do is to forget about the typewriter for a while," she says. "I find the best distraction is simply to get physical — and by that, I mean really hot. It does tend to crank up the imagination."

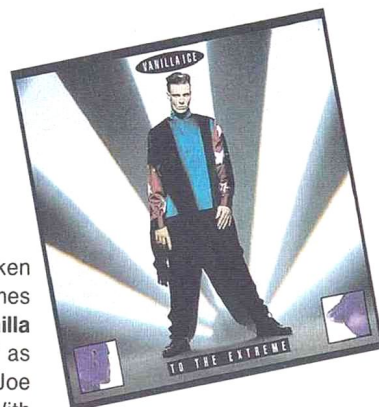




"Also," Gayle confesses, "there's nothing that turns me on more than a good roll in the hay when I'm supposed to be doing something else, like meeting a deadline. The pressure heightens the pleasure, if you see what I mean." And the book? "Oh, it's about a lady detective who always gets her man!"

HEARTLESS BASTARD

We had the "sneer" taken to comic book extremes by Billy Idol. Now **Vanilla Ice** does "heartless bastard" as he plays the role of Rap's Joe Cool *To The Extreme* (SBK). With a wild and wacky collage of dance generators, this white boy chills out, though with nothing approaching seductive love songs. "She rides my saddle like Bronco Billy... Screams out 'Vanilla Ice, you're the best!'... I made you work 'til your butt got sore... Pumpin' it, pushin' it, stick it hard." Reggae gets the icy nod of approval — "Rasta Man (you be



Yourself!" So, Ms Wheeler has done just that, splitting from the collective in search of her own spotlight. "Had to survive... stay alive living in the light." She keeps a tight reign on any possible latent tendencies to verbal out (rap) — this is a serious singer at work-play. The tribal swing and warmth is enough to turn Mr Vanilla Ice into a sour sticky puddle.

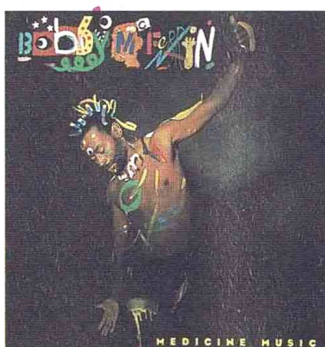
King of the chords (vocal, that is), **Mr Bobby McFerrin**, is back in fine form with some bonafide *Medicine Music* (EMI). "I've got harmonies to give you hope, I'm a Medicine Man, healin's my plan." All sounds, percussive and harmonic, emanate from the McFerrin mouth, whose agility might have been deemed obscene and illegal in some circles if he hadn't applied it to a celebration of the joys of the voice. The one-man congregation is swelled by the Voicestra on two tracks (one of which includes his father singing).

Sick of exotically dressed rappers in designorama giving you a rock-steady groove and an attitude? The aptly named **Scatterbrain** from NYC could be the antidote you need with their upfront warning of *Here Comes Trouble* (Virgin). These heavy thrash guitar riffs show a musical finesse, as on the kitsch but timely "Mozart's Sonata #3" (it's the 200th anniversary of his death, don't you know). They also demonstrate an attention span of about 15 seconds, switching riffs and grooves like some amphetamine-drenched channel changer. This tendency reaches a hectic peak on "Down With The Ship", which manages to cram in non-sampled quotes from Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, Yes and Woody Woodpecker.

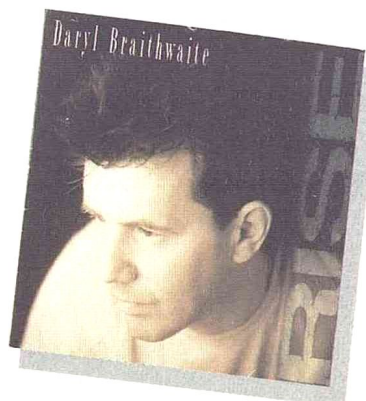
Local thrash merchants the **Hard-Ons** are constantly bemoaning the fact that people don't see their joke. Still, with punch lines like "Don't feel good, don't feel right... Think I'm gonna spew", many may feel it's not worth the effort. The closing 45 seconds of *Yummy* (Waterfront), where one of them struggles with (and loses to) the opening guitar riff of "Stairway To Heaven", is a shaft of light through their dull clouds of mediocrity — only broached also by the (apparently) accidental tunefulness of "Where Did She Come From."

Everyone loves an underdog to succeed, to crawl from obscurity and handicaps and, if lucky, eventually "rise in their own way." **Daryl Braithwaite** may not have been on skid row, but the albatross-like label of "former teen idol" and still existent memories of satin flares and Prince Valiant hairdos did not, in the late Eighties, modern heroes make (unless you're black and called Prince). *Rise* (CBS) is his second album since a personal resurrection and finds him in fine form, exhibiting some of the hoarse wailing mantle that Colin Hay wears less now he is a wayfaring son.

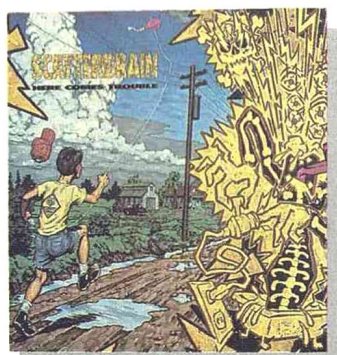
"Listen to the dreams come by, windswept and swirling," sings



Sydney-based **Ana Christensen** on one of her lullabies for a *Brave New World* (CBS). This is no electro vision but very much an acoustic sound of an older world (like the Seventies). She and her very, very, extremely tasteful and restrained band of studio luminaries get down bluesy for "Rosie", but most of the rest of her melodies and breathy vocals tread a path of egg shells — *Jeremy Cook* ☪



Clockwise from above: Daryl Braithwaite in fine wailing form; Vanilla Ice plays Rap's Joe Cool; Bobby McFerrin with healing harmonies; and heavy thrash guitar riffs from Scatterbrain.



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PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

The *Russia House* is a *Casablanca* for the Nineties.

In its *glasnost* plot, based on the thriller by John Le Carré, the bad guy isn't the KGB or the CIA but the nasty secrets game itself. The romance between a British man and a Russian woman is the kind that quakes long and slow in the political web and recalls Bogey in a raincoat and Ingrid Bergman's desperate smile. *The Russia House* will secure for Australian director Fred Schepisi (*Evil Angels*) a place among the world's top film makers. Tom Stoppard brings his cutting intelligence to the script and Tom Baker's footage of Leningrad and Moscow uniquely appreciates those cities' lumbering, sad eminence. Sean Connery plays the Brit like a wolfhound in sheep's clothing — a man of great mind and heart who is amazed he loves so fiercely. The draw between him and Michelle Pfeiffer is one of recent cinema's most smouldering surprises. ****

Below: Thandie Newton and Noah Taylor in John Duigan's *Flirting*; Michelle Pfeiffer and Sean Connery smoulder in *The Russia House*. Right: Lena Olin in Sydney Pollack's *Havana*.



foreignness of the desert world. Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, the camera catches the disorienting majesty of a place both decadent and primitive. But unlike Bertolucci's greatest — *Last Tango In Paris* — the good news stops there. John Malkovich and especially Debra Winger are miscast. There's little between



them and even less between them and their exotic clime. Campbell Scott (son of George C.) fares better as their level-headed friend. This one would have been better done as a silent. **½ — Marcia Pally

Where *The Russia House* beautifully evokes the memory of Bogey/Bergman star-crossed heat in *Casablanca*, *Havana*, a film with a truckload of *Casablanca* plot similarities, evokes only a feeling that of all the picture joints in all the world, you had to walk into this one. Robert Redford is at the wooden heart of this overlong film's failure. He's a professional gambler who drifts into Mafia-controlled Havana to hustle a few bucks just as the country is about to explode in revolution. He falls hard for a beautiful dame (Lena Olin, the husky sex kitten of *The Unbearable Lightness Of Being*), but as these things go, she's trouble — a smuggler for the rebels and married to their leader. Through police abductions, torture, murders and rioting, his love for her is fanned to selfless, sensuous, and heroic heights. At least that's the

way it might have been with another leading man, for Redford's screen passion always did burn about as hot as snot. Directed by Sydney Pollack. **

There's more black and humorous sting in the tail of *The Nasty Girl* than has been seen for some time. Based on the life story of German Anja Rosmus, the film follows the tale of a Bavarian schoolgirl who becomes town pet when she wins a national essay prize. Spurred by her success, she begins researching another story — "My Town During The Third Reich" — a project she's forced to drop when it makes her about as popular as swastika souvenirs at the Wailing Wall. Married with kids, she becomes determined to finish the essay, and the skeleton rattling begins in earnest and with rapier sharp hilarity. Directed by Michael Verhoeven (*The Fourth Man*), and starring Lena Stolze, *The Nasty Girl* is this year's German entry for the Academy Awards. See it. **** — C.J. Mackay

First, it was *The Year My Voice Broke*. Now it's *Flirting*, the second movie in what is to be a trilogy by Australian director John Duigan. The lead role of Danny Embling (played by the highly talented Noah Taylor) is continued in *Flirting*, but this time Danny's having a rotten time at boarding school. Rotten, that is, until he meets Thadiwe (Thandie Newton), daughter of a Ugandan politician, who is just as trapped in neighboring Cirencester girls' school. The chemistry between these two has some pretty far-reaching reverberations. Ultimately it will lead Danny to wider worlds than his present one, and it is with these greater worlds that the "flirting" is really all about. A tidy performance is given by Nicole Kidman as a not-so-prissy prefect. It doesn't matter if you haven't seen *The Year My Voice Broke*, first — *Flirting* stands up on its own. Both films won Best Australian Film in their respective years, and the third one in the trilogy probably will too, once it's made. **** — Trish Murphy



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PUKKA PLEASURES

If hedonism is defined as the pursuit of pleasure, then Africa, at least as it's perceived today, is the least hedonistic of continents, so involved are its inhabitants in the pursuit of something more basic than pleasure: survival. And yet it could be argued that the harems and hash dens of Africa were the very birthplace of hedonism.

In the public's mind, what Africa has become is an almost relentlessly miserable wallow of death, internecine warfare and petty corruption. That was my perception before I got to know it.

There are still pockets of beauty and serenity in Africa, as everyone who knows and loves this vast and troubled place realises. To find them, you must choke back any notion of political correctness. You must resign yourself to being a rich and (usually) white foreigner in a poor black land. You must hunt out the remnants of colonial rule, and immerse yourself in the warm bath of what the Brits in India used to call the pukka pleasures.

I recently took a safari-style sojourn in Africa, and though I hated every minute of getting there, once I arrived I felt like I was in paradise. Specifically, I found Zimbabwe to be a wonder: proof positive that a black-run government can be a model for all of the continent, while still retaining the pleasant, soothing comforts of the bygone era of British rule.

Harare (formerly Salisbury), the capital, is in the centre of the northeast sector of the country. I made the mistake of journeying overland from Mozambique to get to it, a purgatorial experience I will

recount in my "Travelling Masochist" column for *S&M* magazine. Flying time to London is about nine hours; this is the method I used to bail out of Zimbabwe, and would have much preferred for getting there, too. Qantas has a weekly flight to Harare from Sydney (via Perth).

Of the two top-ranking hotels in Harare, choose the old-style Meikles, the first hotel built there, over the new and too bracingly modern Sheraton. There is a crispness to both the linens and the service at Meikles, which was like an oasis of sanity after my gruelling trip through Africa's outback.

My first surprise was the climate of Zimbabwe, which is quite high in altitude (half the country is above 900 metres) and thus quite mild. "Mildly

tropical" is what the travel agents say, and I didn't know what that meant until I experienced it: a perfect, insect-free ambience.

My first sojourn was to the

"Zimbabwe is a wonder: proof positive that a black-run government can be a model for the whole continent."

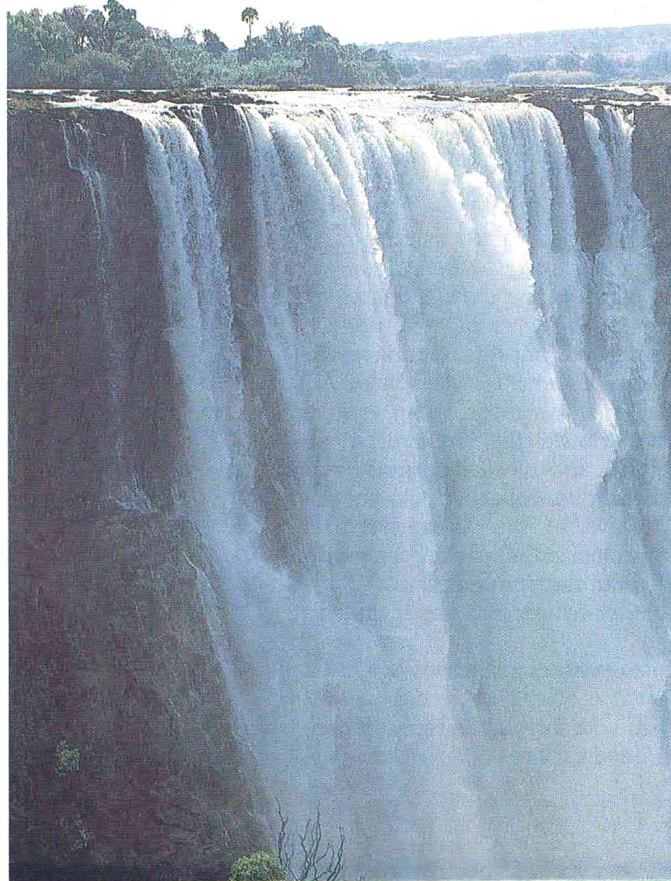
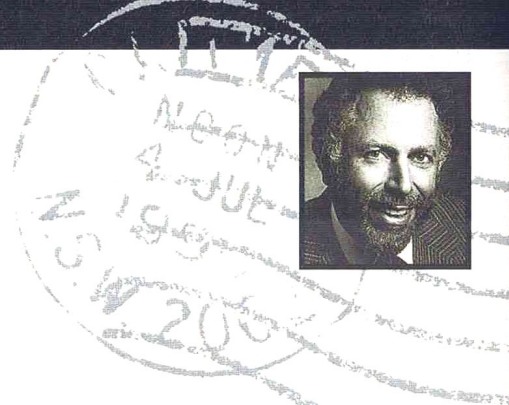
Troutbeck Inn, in Nyanga near Mtarazi Falls on the Mozambique border. This resembles nothing so much as an Olde Worlde country inn,

with fires in all the fireplaces, chintz on all the sofas, and obsequious smiles on all the staff. Here I was introduced to the Zimbabwe cuisine, which consists, for the poorer natives, of a pasty stodge called sadza, while for everyone else it's steak.

My final elevation to true pukkahood came at the other end of the country, at the incredible Victoria Falls Hotel. This magnificent Italianate structure, established when the railhead to Cairo was completed in 1904, is drenched in history and tradition. It is also drenched by the mist of Victoria Falls itself, a mystically powerful tumble of nature which moved the normally phlegmatic British explorer David Livingston to mouth his well-known encomium: "On sights as beautiful as this angels in their flight must have gazed."

Even if you're not an angel, you may gaze all you like; it's free. The stay at the hotel, on the other hand, is not (about \$A80 per night for a single). Also expensive are the many excursions in and around Victoria Falls, which is of course geared for tourism and for separating you from as many of your shekels as possible. I found the so-called "Flight of Angels" (after Livingston's famous line) above the Falls in a single-engine plane to be gut-churning, but others in my party thought it was fabulous.

For myself, the high point of the trip was not flying over the Devil's Cataract at 3000 metres, nor tracking a black-maned lion on a photo safari; but sitting on the verandah of the Victoria Falls Hotel of an evening, I could easily imagine myself transported back in time to an era when pleasure was recognised as the highest of life's pursuits. 



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Very few places can claim the calibre of reef diving that Walindi can. With more than 190 subtly different offshore reefs set in calm, azure waters to choose from, Walindi offers the most spectacular reef diving in the world.

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For more information or bookings; Sea New Guinea Pty Ltd, 100 Clarence Street, Sydney 2000. Phone: (02) 267 5563, Fax: (02) 267 6118.



SEA
NEW GUINEA

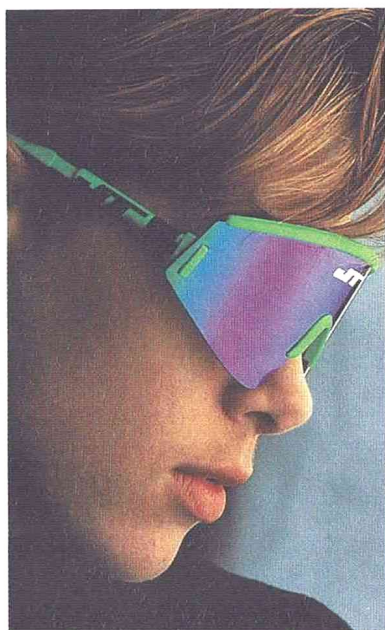
LOOSE ENDS

movie machete



"This is not a toy," says the warranty, and we believe it. The Indiana Jones Khyber Bowie Knife has an 18-inch stainless steel blade, a solid brass spine, a relief solid brass sculpted finger guard (decorated with writhing serpents) and a solid brass eagle head pommel. It comes with a strong, top-grain leather sheath and a limited warranty, and is made by United Cutlery for Lucasfilm Ltd. It costs around \$450 from Knife World, Sydney, phone (02) 211 0315.

Attitude Adjustment Threds, by JT USA Eyewear, are new to Australia this season. What sets JT apart from other eyewear is their patented spool, which allows the wearer to tilt the glasses for individual fit and peripheral protection in all sports attitudes. Threds protect from the full 400 NM of UV rays and screen the maximum amount of blue light without color distortion. Offering performance vision and comfort in most sports, Threds are also guaranteed for life. They sell for between \$89.95 and \$129.95. For stockists Australia-wide, contact Tri-Sports Australia on (02) 997 6988.



TILT VISION

best dressed

One of this winter's classiest outdoor fashion ranges is the Equipe line by Bursill Sportsgear. Designed in Australia to suit our conditions — which are often wet as well as cold — the timelessly styled Equipe range is ideal for both sexes. New fashion details include suede trim at collars and elbows (as shown on the jacket pictured here, rrp \$320) and sophisticated colors. Equipe gear is styled in advanced fabrics and can be machine washed. All new lines from Equipe can be seen at the Melbourne 1991 Ski Show (April 19-21), and at the Sydney Ski Show (May 3-5).



TOP POLE

Since they invented the aluminium ski pole in 1958, Scott USA have kept one jump ahead of their competitors in state-of-the-art ski pole technology. Today, 70 percent of World Cup ski racers favor Scott racing poles, and skiers of all levels look to Scott poles for their advanced materials, design and durability. We've pictured the Racer pole in Scott's racing colors of electric orange and green (rrp \$75) and a selection of Scott Equipe II poles, the most popular ski pole on Australian slopes, which sell for a recommended \$39. Also shown here is Scott's World Cup GS Goggle, which goes for around \$89. At all leading ski retailers, or phone Winterski Imports (02) 773 4975 for countrywide stockists.



HOT RODS

In a neat misnomer, the folks at Shakespeare have called these rods Ugly Stiks. Recognised as among the finest fishing rods, these brightly and well-designed Stiks are a big favorite with the fisho fraternity as they have a knack of catching more than just the eye. Australian built Ugly Stiks are available in over 50 different colors, sizes and styles to suit any fishing situation. Find 'em at good tackle stores or phone Shakespeare on (02) 319 1544 for stockists Australia-wide.



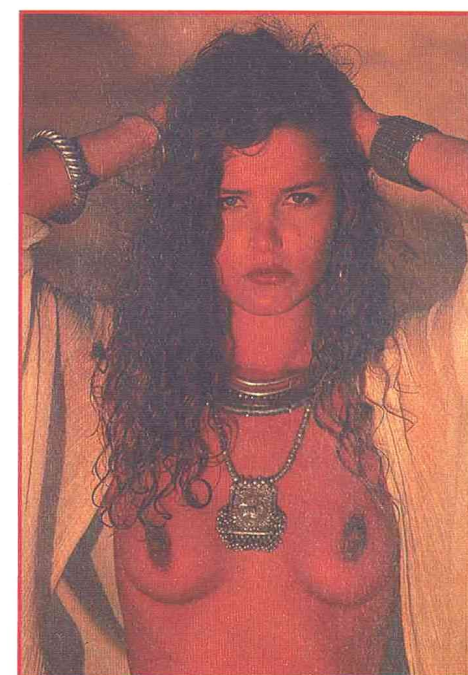
Wild and sassy reproductions of classic Americana are the specialty of a new Australian company by the name of A Blast From The Past. Young company directors Ross Rance and Richard Denmeade have combed the States for unusual novelty and decorator items with an American flavor, and their range of electronics and auto-inspired art furniture has to be seen to be believed. We've pictured their '57 Chevy Bel Air Radio Cassette, which sells for around \$130. The unit features authentic detailed styling of the front and back of the '57 Chevy, a powerful AM/FM stereo receiver, high quality playback cassette deck, dynamic 3" speakers, and more. To get your hands on one, ring A Blast From The Past on (02) 629 2333, or fax them on (02) 629 3242.



BLAST OFF

tribal tradition

The clothes and jewellery sold by Sirius Gallery are things that the proprietors themselves like. The clothes are practical, hand printed, hand embroidered and made from natural fibres. The jewellery designs are both traditional and tribal, with absolutely nothing plated. The shop prefers antique rose gold to modern yellow, and is currently importing amber from the USSR. You can find Sirius at 733 George St, Haymarket, Sydney, or phone on (02) 211 4655.



adventure wheels

From the rugged range of Scott advanced mountain bikes now available in Australia, we've pictured the boldly colored Sawtooth from Scott's Adventure Series. The \$739 (rrp) Sawtooth is a very popular and versatile go-anywhere model that features 4130 chromoly tubing, Shimano 300 LX STI, and Scott Racing Products chain-stays. Find Scott mountain bikes at selected cycling specialists. Phone Winterski Imports on (02) 773 4975 for stockists Australia-wide.



LOOSE ENDS



WIN with PROTON

Six of what may be the ultimate clock radios are this month up for grabs, courtesy of hi-fi distributors W.C. Wedderspoon. Proton's R5-4218, valued at \$459, boasts stereo sound via a powered extension speaker with three Watts per channel on tap. It's capable of six AM and six FM station pre-sets with auto tuning, and it has a function that allows you to fall asleep to one station and wake up to another. You can plug in a pair of headphones or a portable CD player, the time display brightness can be varied and there's a choice of three alarm volumes. Got all that? Well, for a chance to win one, just answer this

curly question: What's the name of the Australian distributor of the Proton R5-4218? Write your answer on the back of an envelope along with your name and address and send it to: Proton Competition, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. Entries close last mail Friday, June 14, 1991. Winners will be announced in this section in a forthcoming issue.

made in heaven

Rod Alexander, the Australian company whose sensual and imaginative clothing designs can capture any woman's fantasy (and any man's, for that matter), have taken their first steps in a new direction — down the aisle. Nina Payne, the creative force responsible for many of the exquisite and provocative outfits worn in *Penthouse* centrefold shoots, and whose work is sought after in exclusive fashion boutiques both here and overseas, will design to any bridal requirements, both traditional and *avant-garde*. Her trademarks are fine hand-beaded detail, exclusive imported trims and fabrics and a very sexy feminine emphasis on décolletage. So, if you're planning to tie the proverbial knot and your intended *hasn't got a thing to wear*, tell her to phone this number: (02) 958 6314. Nina also designs honeymoon trousseaus, should not having a thing to wear prove an ongoing problem.



HOT FOOT

New from LA Gear, frontrunners in the field of fashion athletic footwear, is the Street Hiking range. For men and women, Street Hiking boots are designed as all-terrain hikers with a great fashion look. We've pictured the Street Climber 3/4, which features a four-density, compression-moulded rubber midsole for maximum shock absorbency and durability. In combination suede and leather in great colors, the boots are available at department and sporting goods stores.



For those hot-blooded enough to dive Australian waters through the winter months, Tabata accessories lend a warm splash of color. Recognised by the wet set as having the widest range of quality underwater gear, Tabata products are available in all good dive and sporting goods stores. From Tabata Australia, we've pictured Liberator fins (\$76), pink Tusa gloves (\$29), Tusa Xpert Flex Snorkel (\$36), Mimi C-Lite Halogen Torch (\$68), and the Tusa Xpert Knife (\$68). All prices are recommended retail.

deep color

black power

Johnnie Walker Black Label is one of the world's most popular deluxe Scotch whiskies, and there's a reason for that. Black Label is blended from over 40 individual malt whiskies including Cardhu, which is the most important malt in the blend, and a high proportion of Islay malts. A large proportion of the whiskies used in the blend are matured for a minimum of 12 years in casks of European oak which have previously been used to hold sherry. All this adds up to a unique richness of character and taste that won Johnnie Walker Black Label a Grand Prix award at the 1990 Selections Mondiale — the most important product tasting competition in the world. Go to it, and cheers.

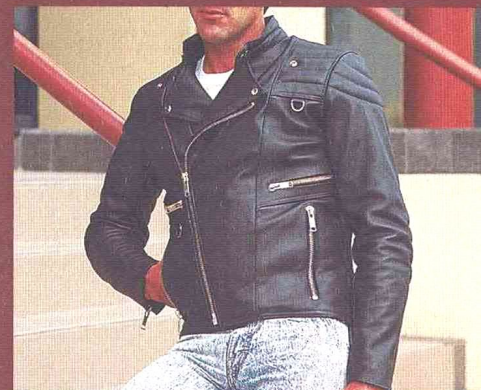


Snow KINGS

A bright spark among the new release high-tech snow equipment available this season is the Saloman Monocoque ski, which is so light and manageable that it makes lugging your gear a breeze. A new slippery, scratch-resistant surface lends ease of control on the slopes and keeps the skis looking younger longer. Also shown here is the Saloman S 957 Binding, which synchronises with the new ski and boots, and the Saloman SX92 Equipe R Boots, which are injected with foam for perfect fit, performance and control. Unlike previous foam-injected boots, the foam in this model surrounds the whole foot and can be adjusted after it has been injected. Monocoque skis sell for a recommended \$899, S 957 bindings for around \$290 and the boots for around \$655. All Saloman new products are on display at the Sydney and Melbourne ski shows.

AND THE WINNERS ARE...

The winner of the Walden Miller Leather Jacket Competition in January '91 *Australian Penthouse* was D. Boxsell of Goonellabah in NSW. The winners of the Sunseeker competition in the December '90 issue were:



A. White, Rochdale Sth, Qld; T.J. Cook, Everton Park, Qld; P. Cowin, Ballina, NSW; M. Emery, Artarmon, NSW; G. Jackson, Elderslie, NSW; M. Moroney, Bexley, NSW; G. Dickson, Alexandra Hills, Qld; A. Kibble, Killara, NSW; R. Toth, Garran, ACT. The winners of the Hero Gift Pack offer (January '91) were: J. Shaw, Darwin, NT; H.W. Young, Chermide, Qld; D. Weedon, Dandenong, Vic; R. Liddell, Miami, Qld; S. Rigney, Emerald, Qld; R. Haack, Clermont, Qld; J. & G. Lake, Kelso, Qld; G. Wainwright, Hurstbridge, Vic; S. Allpoer, Morningside, Qld; R. Reinke, Parkholme, SA. The winners of the Gillette Competition (December '90) were: G. Leech, Hermit Park, Qld; W. Dodds, Berowra Heights, NSW; B.D. & D.H. Hailey, Algester, Qld; S. Bennett, Burleigh Heads, Qld; D. Mason, Midland, WA; T. Carey, Como, WA; M. Puckridge, Adelaide, SA; G. Crowe, Karrinyup, WA; G. Linklater, Lawnton, Qld; F. Daday, Mt Isa, Qld; M. O'Shannessy, Thargomindah, Qld; E. Foot, Launceston, Tas; G. Stevens, Dapto, NSW; K. Cox, NSW; J. Kopirya, Ingleburn, NSW; P. Campbell, Bindi Bindi, WA; K. McIvor, Fairy Meadow, NSW; A. Norelli, Melville, WA; A. Kievet, Ashmore, Qld; D. Johnson, Emu Ridge, ACT; R. Bird, Stuart Park, NT; R. Kornhaus, Armadale, Qld; K. Noble, Palmerston, NT; L. Marychurch, Kirwan, Qld; M. Singh, Elwood, Vic; R. Rutledge, Richardson, ACT; P. Catalano, Brunswick Heads, NSW; M. Scerri, Cranbourne, Vic; N. Robins, Cobar, NSW; T. Quinlan, Koolan Island, WA; P. Panter, Mt Crosby, Qld.



Postcards From Sydney

INSIDE JUNE AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Tough Guys — Sheer brilliance is enough to make a sportsman live in his fans' memories. But according to sportswriter Grantlee Keiza, it is those who combine toughness with brilliance who deserve the ultimate accolades. In June *Penthouse*, Keiza lists the Australian sportsmen whose courage will never be forgotten: Clive Churchill, who inspired South Sydney to a Rugby League premiership while enduring the agony of a broken arm; Tony Miller, Robert DiPierdomenico, Ken Mackay and others whose acts of sporting courage were simply inspirational.

Dates From Hell — You must have been on one — a night out with a girl which was so bad you thought you'd died and gone to hell. In next month's *Penthouse* humorist Jean Norman defines the six deadliest types of date and speculates on how they might end — like with you having to move interstate.

Peeking Round The Curtain — June *Penthouse* shatters those myths about Eastern Europe being dour, conservative and down on sex. When the Berlin wall crumbled, the West discovered that what were supposed to be the most repressed societies on Earth had a firm grasp of the capitalist ethic, especially when it came to sex. What do the Russians do when they come in from the cold? Find out in June *Australian Penthouse*.

Postcards From Sydney — Next month's issue takes you on a revealing erotic tour of Sydney's landmarks. The Harbour Bridge will never look the way it does in June *Australian Penthouse*. Don't miss it.

the end

Continued from page 110

Sugar (Mexican heroin) with Pamela after her return to Los Angeles. She is quoted as saying: "I killed him. It was my dope. I gave it to him. He didn't feel well. I should have gone and checked on him but I nodded out. When I woke up at dawn... I went into the bathroom and there he was in the tub... He was smiling and I thought he was putting me on."

Clearly, DeBreteuil and Faithfull could not possibly summon the police. Two junkies, one bearing an aristocratic name, the other an international pop star, discovered at the site of another star's death of a drug overdose! The scandal would immediately envelop and destroy them. They decided instead to flee the apartment and to get out of the country fast. Next day they flew to Tangiers, and on Monday night they told their story to the Steffanses, so stoned that they were weaving back and forth. Steffans recalls that Marianne Faithfull dropped her lighted cigarette on her skirt three times that night and each time he had to beat out the fire as she stared at him with a startled expression that said, "Why is this man hitting me?" (The lesson of Morrison's death was wasted on Jean; a year later his mother was informed that he was ill in a hospital at Tangiers. When she arrived, she was taken to the morgue and shown his body on a slab, another victim of an OD.)

The gentlemanly Jean would not have left Pamela Courson in the lurch that morning on rue de Beaureillis. The drugged lovers must have wracked their addled brains to come up with a convincing alibi. Once they agreed to blame everything on Jim's health, the next task would be summoning the authorities. Jean would want to get clear of the apartment first. Pamela would need to compose herself, to clear away the traces of drink and drugs, to hide her stash and to get in touch with someboy respectable, who could aid her in her forthcoming confrontation with police — a frightening prospect. It's a safe bet that a lot of panicky work and worry went on that morning before anyone dialled "18", the emergency number, and reported a man having trouble breathing.

When Jean and Marianne Faithfull left the Morrison flat, they must have gone straight to their connection and babbled out the story of Jim's death, because just before closing time at La Bulle, the hip new disco on Montaigne-Saint-Genievieve, where Cameron Watson was watching his last customers fade from the floor, two respectably dressed dope dealers walked up to his booth and one of them, who had a hare lip, thrust his face into the observation window to confide: "Jim Morrison just snuffed it." ☐

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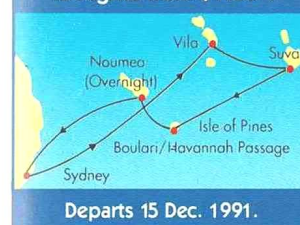
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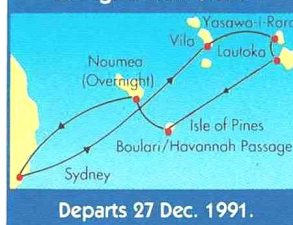
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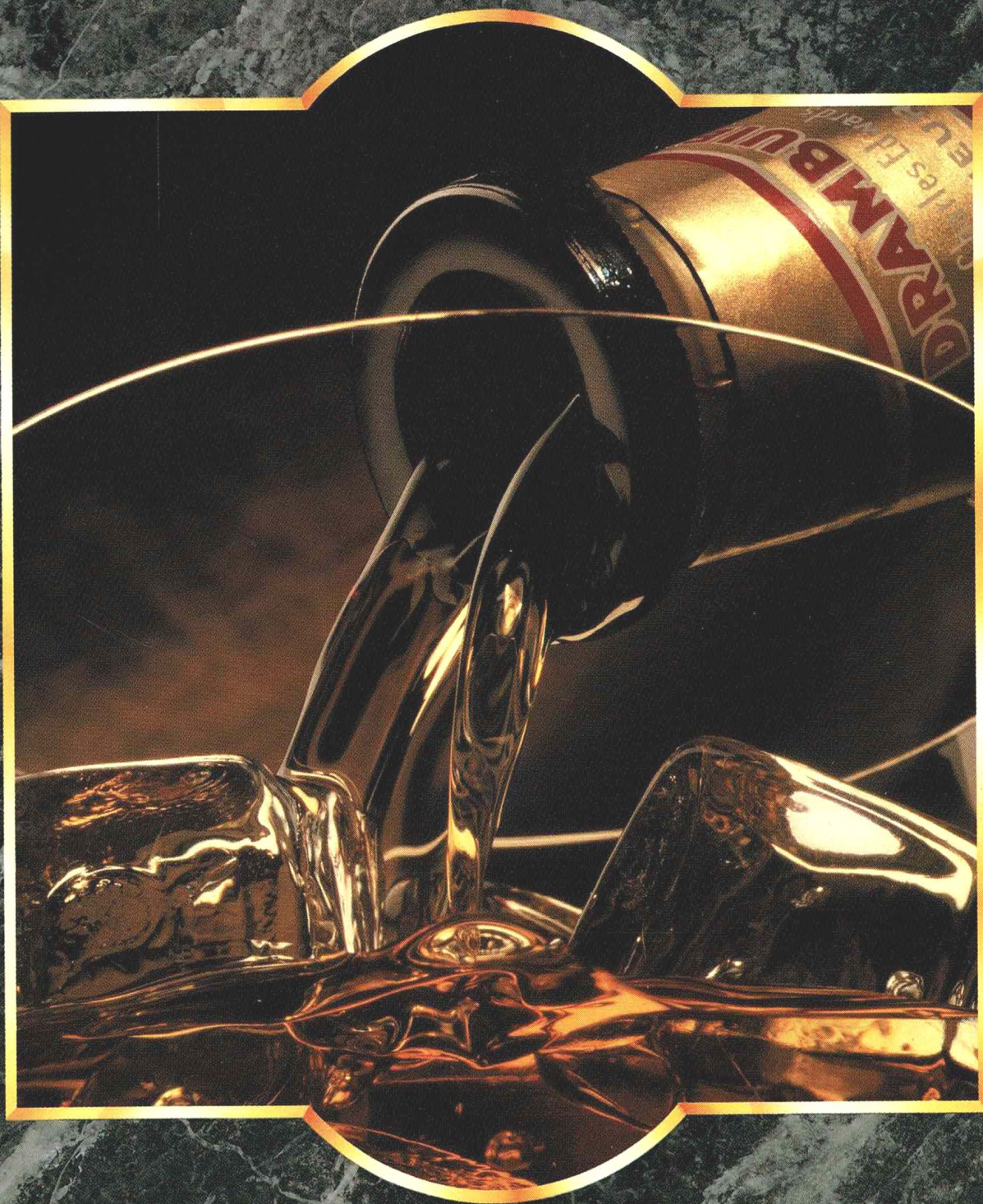
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A TIME TO REFLECT.

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CASCADING INTO THE NIGHT. REFLECTIONS OF GOOD TIMES SHARED.

